

# PUNCH

LIBRARY

JUN 9 1947

CHICAGO



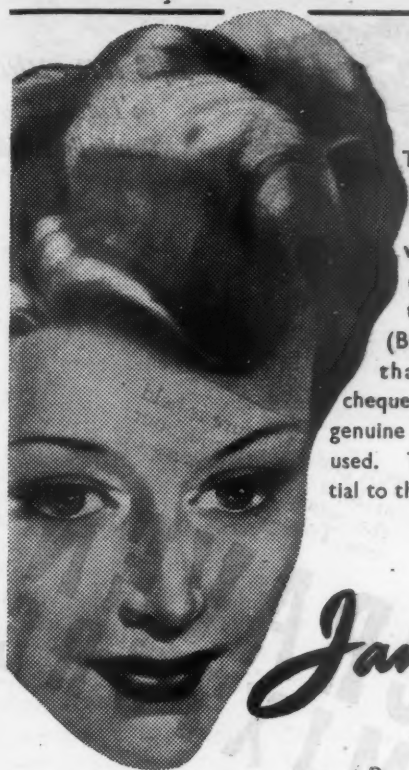
ON THE HOME FARM  
(for making hay while the sun shines)

Summer Number



# Abdullas *for choice*

The most popular brands are :—  
"VIRGINIA" No. 7 • "TURKISH" No. 11 • "EGYPTIAN" No. 16



The soft depth of a Jamal luxury, machineless wave is a superb compliment to lovely hair. (But always insist that the yellow chequered VAPET and genuine Jamalotion are used. They are essential to the wave.)

**Jamal**

KINDEST TO YOUR HAIR

Preparing  
to be a  
Beautiful  
Lady



Billy is the white rabbit, Milly is the brown one, and Janet loves them both equally. After her bath she likes to say "Good-night" to them every night before going to bed. But the bath comes first—Pears Soap and clear water. Mother insists on that—for that is the secret of Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady.

**PEARS SOAP**

*We regret that Pears Transparent Soap is in short supply just now*

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

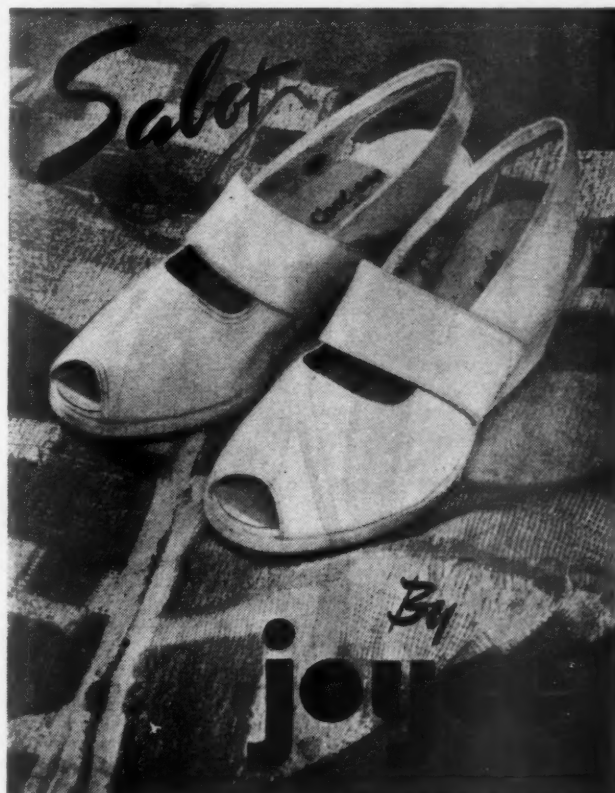
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... (and only she knows the secret is a

**J.B.** foundation).

THAT'S  
WHAT I  
CALL A  
LOVELY  
FIGURE



JOYCE (CALIFORNIA) LTD., 17-18 OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1.  
Wholesale only, but we welcome all Joyce enquiries.





**MAKE  
MINE  
MYERS**

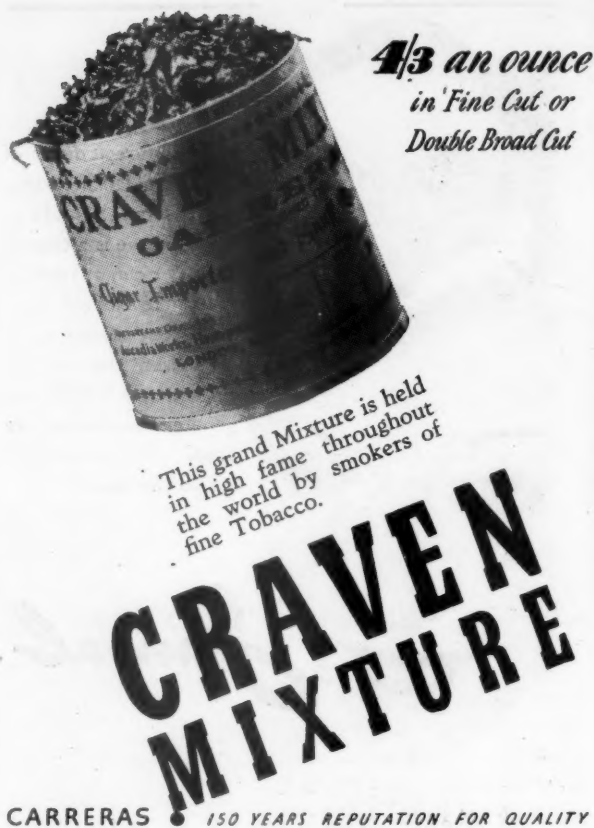
**THE RUM** that's matured and  
bottled in Jamaica

AT ALL GOOD BARS AND WINE MERCHANTS



Tan Grain, hobbled soles and  
heels. Limited stocks. 55/-

*K shoes for a man*



**4/3 an ounce**  
in 'Fine Cut or  
Double Broad Cut

This grand Mixture is held  
in high fame throughout  
the world by smokers of  
fine Tobacco.

**CRAVEN  
MIXTURE**

CARRERAS • 150 YEARS REPUTATION FOR QUALITY

Something  
just a little better —

**Silwifix**

controls the  
hair without  
gumming



A Silbikrin  
product



L-178-3



**Chekov — or**



**Children's Hour**

ANTON CHEKOV'S "The Three Sisters" — or Eric Coates' "The Three Bears" — whichever programme you want, you want it with every tone and undertone. And that's how a Ferranti set gives it to you.

It also gives you years of *dependable* listening. But if you ever need a repair or replacement, remember we've appointed only the best dealers to be Ferranti dealers — men who provide real service.

**FERRANTI LTD**



MOSTON  
MANCHESTER 10;  
& 36 KINGSWAY  
LONDON WC2

**A camera for the critical**



Takes twelve  $2\frac{1}{2}'' \times 2\frac{1}{2}''$   
or sixteen  $2\frac{1}{2}'' \times 1\frac{1}{8}''$

The Ensign Commando has been an eye-opener for many people who had an undue respect for Continental craftsmanship. This British camera has changed a few ideas. The coupled range-finder and back focusing device give critical definition not previously thought possible. The  $F/3.5$  lens is one of the finest yet computed. The shutter is more accurate over 8 speeds than any other made. There are many other special features, so ask your dealer to let you personally examine one of the most interesting cameras that has appeared for years.

**Ensign COMMANDO**

BARNET ENSIGN LTD. WALTHAMSTOW, LONDON, E.17

Always  
**SMART**

Always  
**DISTINCTIVE**

There's no mistaking the smooth neckline—the neatness and trimness afforded by "Van Heusen."

Unfortunately these famous collars are still rather scarce, but we are doing our best to increase supplies.



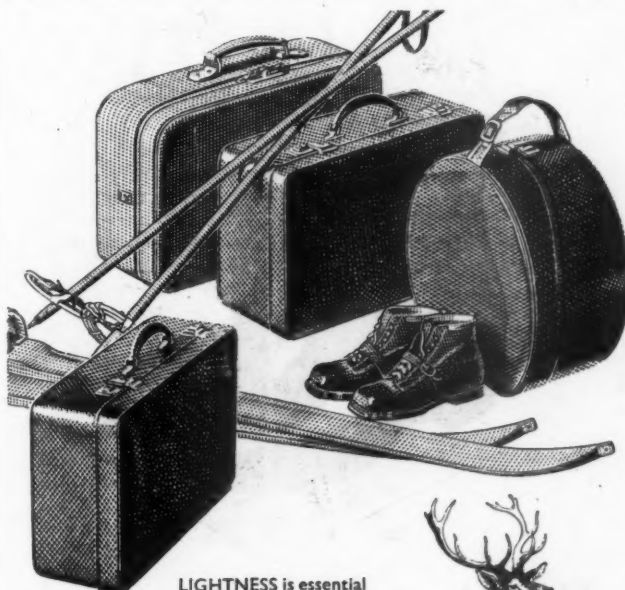
**"VAN HEUSEN"**

Reg'd Trade Mark

*The Collar of Quality*



HARDING, TILTON & HARTLEY LTD.  
King's House, Haymarket, S.W.1



**LIGHTNESS** is essential in travel goods — and Antler has always led in this respect—but to combine it with strength takes the skill and experience of Antler workmanship. Unmistakable, too, is the beauty of line, finish and quality of Antler travel goods; yet you'll be surprised how inexpensive they can be.



**ANTLER**

*The most distinguished name in Travel Goods*

J. B. BROOKS & CO., LTD., BIRMINGHAM 3



"You're right to take trouble with your make-up, wrong if you neglect the skin beneath it. All my own preparations (in groups for dry, greasy or normal skins) are designed to make sure that your complexion still looks pretty when you take that make-up off."

## Jane Seymour

21-22, GROSVENOR STREET, W.1 • TEL: MAYFAIR 3712

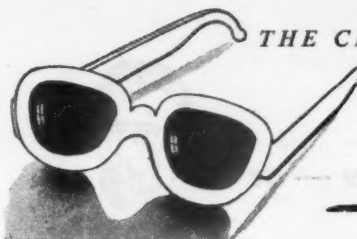


### This Journey is necessary

Exports are vital—and Morlands must contribute their share. But colour, comfort and cosy warmth will soon be back to gladden you again in

## MORLANDS

WOOLLY SHEEPSKIN



THE CHANCES ARE...

When you buy a pair of sun-glasses for your next holiday the lenses will be made from

CHANCE BROTHERS LIMITED,  
Glass Works:  
Smethwick, Birmingham.  
London Office:  
28 St. James's Sq., S.W.1.  
Scottish Office:  
Firhill, Glasgow, N.W.

*Chance*  
'CROOKES' GLASS



REV-ROBE is luxurious in appearance and performance. Rev-Robe travels eight or more dresses on their own hangers so that no matter how far you go, or how often you stop, none of your dresses is ever creased or crushed.

Luxurious in convenience, too, because you needn't unpack. Rev-Robe acts as a travel wardrobe. All your dresses are easily removed one by one. Rev-Robe is packed in 3 minutes. Despite these advantages Rev-Robe is little larger than a hat box.

*Like all good things, Rev-Robe is still in short supply. Ask your dealer to demonstrate Rev-Robe. He will supply you as soon as he can.*

From all stores and luggage dealers



## REV-ROBE

THE TRAVEL WARDROBE

From the range of *Revelation* LUGGAGE

REVELATION SUITCASE CO. LTD., 170 Piccadilly, W.1. (Agents for Revelation Supplies Ltd.)



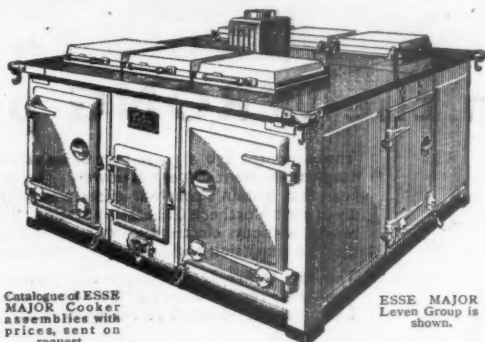
**Dorville**

*Summer dress in Dorville's  
exclusive "duster" check at  
most good stores: price £9.3.9*

a 'major' way  
of saving fuel



ESSE MAJOR  
heat storage Cookers have the lowest fuel cost  
known, considering their flexibility to meet extra  
demands. Fuel used is anthracite, Phurnacite  
or coke. Burning continuously day and night,  
completely dependable, the ESSE method of  
cooking ensures the highest possible standard.



Catalogue of ESSE  
MAJOR Cooker  
assemblies with  
prices, sent on  
request.

ESSE MAJOR  
Leven Group is  
shown.

**ESSE MAJOR HEAT STORAGE COOKERS**

THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY, PROPS. SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD.  
EST. 1854  
BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND: ADVISORY DEPT., 46 DAVIES ST.,  
LONDON, W.1.



**MERIDIAN!**  
Slumberwear. Underwear. Knitwear.

J. B. LEWIS & SONS, LTD., Nottingham. Est. 1811. Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade.



Constant for a hundred and fifty years in its  
flawless quality and æsthetic leadership, Minton  
China inevitably found widespread and gratifying  
welcome. With peace restored, Minton is equally  
assured of further happy conquests, wherever there  
is taste to delight, eye to enchant, culture to satisfy.

**MINTON**

*The World's Most Beautiful China*

MINTONS LTD • STOKE-UPON-TRENT • EST. 1793







**THERE ARE SIX  
FOUR SQUARE  
TOBACCOS**  
-EACH A BALANCED BLEND  
OF VINTAGE LEAF


The tobacco illustrated is Four Square 'Red', called by connoisseurs the finest virginia in the world. It is a medium strength broken flake, very cool, and burns very slowly both in and out of doors. 4/3 oz. Ask for 'Four Square Red'.



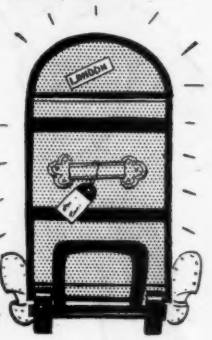


Not too little..






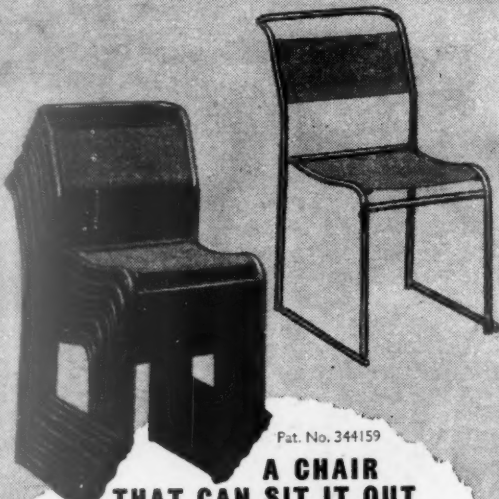
not too much..



*but just right  
IF IT'S*  
**ERASMIC  
SHAVING STICK**  
THANKS TO ITS  
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER




ER 360-96 THE ERASMIC CO. LTD.




Pat. No. 344159

**A CHAIR  
THAT CAN SIT IT OUT**

In any large hall—civic, industrial or recreational—where a popular idea to sit down may be followed the next day, or even the next hour, by a general move in favour of dancing, there is room for PEL nesting chairs. In use they're comfortable and good-looking. When wide open floor space is wanted they sit it out and shrink from prominence, compactly and securely. Two beginners can clear a hall of 400 PEL Nesting Chairs within half an hour, even without hurrying.

Made by  Limited.  
**OLDBURY, BIRMINGHAM**



LONDON OFFICE : 15, Henrietta Place, W.1. Telephone : WELbeck 1874



## in the WRONG place

Three months ago a great part of industrial Britain was stagnant for want of fuel and power. It was tragic therefore that Britain's post-war effort was further hampered by fire in a Northern Generating Station. "Wide areas... were without electricity for several hours yesterday after an explosion and fire..." (Yorkshire Post).

The risk of fire is ever present in Power Stations and Industrial Premises where oil is used or stored. "Mulsifyre" Equipment is designed to extinguish such fires.

## "MULSIFYRE" EXTINGUISHES OIL FIRES

SEND FOR LITERATURE TO THE PATENTEES :-

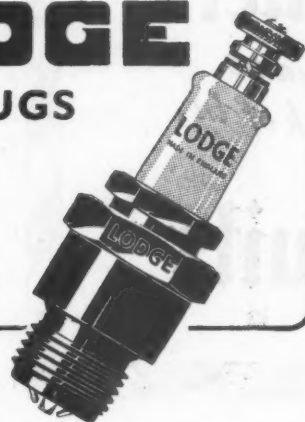
**MATHER & PLATT LTD. MANCHESTER 10**



# ROLLS-ROYCE

are  
supplied with

## LODGE PLUGS



Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby

DANDIES OF COVENT GARDEN... No. 2



*Garrick*, who rose so swiftly to fame set the stamp of his natural style and grace on the acting, manners and dress of the gay Covent Garden society of his age. In another century, Garrick Street, Covent Garden, brings you appropriately enough to another place frequented by men who know good clothes.

### MOSS BROS

OF COVENT GARDEN  
THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

Corner of King St. and Bedford St., W.C.2  
Temple Bar 4477

BOURNEMOUTH, MANCHESTER, PORTSMOUTH, BRISTOL, CAMBERLEY, ALDERSHOT

*Henry Cotton*

himself  
designed and recommends

## LOTUS



Made for those who prefer rubber soles. Lotus Edgegrip have a corrugated bevel-edge so that they hold firm even when, at the end of the stroke, the foot is turned on to the inner edge.

### Edgegrip Shoes for Golf

### WEAR



GOLF JACKETS

RAINCOATS

WINDAK LTD., POYNTON, CHESHIRE

Keep  
your  
strength  
up  
—the  
sensible way.

**Hovis**

THE "BETTER-BALANCED" BREAD

44D

By Appointment  
Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. King George VI  
HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD., READING, ENGLAND

# Huntley & Palmers

*the first name  
you think of in*

# Biscuits

THE CREAM OF  
SALAD CREAMS



Said the Lettuce—

Let us get together,  
we're a delectable  
combination for a  
**GREEN SALAD**

always ask for

# SUTTONS

**SALAD CREAM**

MAKERS OF "MASTER TOUCH" SAUCE,  
FINE PICKLES AND CANNED GOODS



**I'm kept on my toes,**

says OLD HETHERS

I've been on the go all the week-end making jugful after jugful! Lucky I got an extra tin of Robinson's or you'd have gone thirsty. But it's no trouble really, sir. Making it from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley is easy as kiss your hand. Quite apart from its being a grand drink, there's the medical angle too. You see, barley water is good for you—and what could be better than something you like that does you good?

Barley Water from  
**ROBINSON'S**  
'PATENT' BARLEY

CVS-107



# MONK & GLASS

is jolly good Custard





**MARMITE**  
is the filling  
for sandwiches

★ Sandwiches as tasty as they are health giving—that's the kind of sandwiches Marmite makes. You will enjoy them and they are good for you. Use Marmite also in soups, stews, gravies, and all meat and vegetable dishes. It adds flavour and provides essential vitamins.

**MARMITE** A concentrated Yeast Extract containing Vitamins of the B<sub>1</sub> complex  
Riboflavin - 1.5 mg. per oz.  
Niacin - 16.5 mg. per oz.  
In Jars: 1 oz. 8d., 3 oz. 1/1,  
4 oz. 2/4, 8 oz. 3/3, 16 oz. 5/8,  
from all Grocers and Chemists.

## SLEEP - Helps you to Work



## Ovaltine Helps you to SLEEP

**FITNESS** for your daily task depends not only on regular sleep, but also on the quality of that sleep. To help you to enjoy sleep of the best kind, drink a cup of delicious 'Ovaltine' every night at bedtime.

The soothing, comforting influence of 'Ovaltine' makes you quickly receptive to sleep, and its concentrated easily digested nourishment does much to restore strength and energy while you sleep.

'Ovaltine' is prepared from Nature's best foods—malt, milk and eggs—and provides important nutritive elements required to build up body, brain and nerves to a high degree of efficiency.

That is why 'Ovaltine' sleep is so invigorating and why it will help you to awake in the morning refreshed, clear-eyed, cheerful and confident—ready to work with renewed zest.



P. 676a

Famous for Fine  
Quality



LIMITED SUPPLIES  
FROM  
FAMILY GROCERS

Smood's

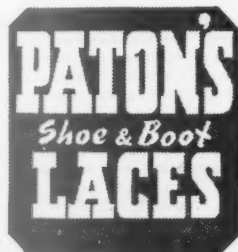


LIBERTY SHOES LTD, Leicester.

SOMETHING TO  
CROW ABOUT!



FROM  
YOUR  
RETAILER



WM. PATON LTD.,  
JOHNSTONE · SCOTLAND



**MELTONIAN**  
Shoe Cream will keep your  
shoes well polished

Made in white for any shade  
of polished leathers, also in  
black, four shades of brown,  
blue and fashionable colours

★ There are Meltonian Dressings  
for every type of shoe

## When you receive a Greetings Cable

When you, yourself,  
send a Greetings  
cable, you're apt to  
wonder whether it ar-  
rived if your kind  
thought goes unacknow-  
ledged. Well, it works  
just the same way in reverse. If you do not acknowledge  
a Greetings cable someone at the other side of the world  
is going to wonder if you received it.



CABLE AND WIRELESS  
**VIA IMPERIAL**

Cable and Wireless Ltd., Electra House, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C.2  
CV3-64

## £6,530 FOR YOU AT AGE 55

This cash sum, or a personal Retirement  
Income of £400 a year guaranteed for life  
from age 55, will secure your independence  
in later years. Even if you are in an occupa-  
tion (for example, a Civil Servant or Teacher)  
entitling you to a pension, you will be glad of  
the extra annual income this plan provides.

Take, for example, ages up to 45, this  
is how the plan operates—for women it is  
slightly varied. You make agreed regular  
monthly, quarterly or yearly payments  
to the Sun Life of Canada—the great  
annuity Company—and at 55 you will  
receive £6,530, plus accumulated dividends  
— or £400 a year for life and accumulated  
dividends. If you are over 45 the benefits  
are available at a later age.

**£5,000 for Your Family.**

Whilst building up this retirement fund

By filling up and sending the enquiry form you can obtain details suited to your  
personal requirements. The plan covers all amounts of savings from as little as £1  
per month and the cash and pension can be arranged in most cases to commence  
either at age 50, 55, 60, or 65. It is the safest and most profitable way of providing  
financially for you and yours, and the protection for your family starts from  
your first payment.

FILL IN THIS FORM NOW

POSTAGE ONE PENNY IF UNSEALED

To H. O. LEACH (General Manager for British Isles).

**SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA**

(Incorporated in Canada in 1865 as a Limited Company).

22, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur St., London, S.W.1.

I should like to know more about your Plan, as advertised, without incurring  
any obligation.

NAME  
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

ADDRESS

Occupation

Exact date of birth

Punch, June 23, 1947

**J.P. Super**

Only the Best is  
Good Enough

For the garden lover  
who takes a pride in his  
lawn. Here is a machine  
that will cut to the  
smoothness of velvet  
because it is designed  
and made with the  
care and precision  
which have made  
its name famous.



PHONE:  
27542

J.P. ENGINEERING CO. LTD  
MEYNELL RD · LEICESTER

A DROP ON YOUR HANDKERCHIEF

**VAPEX**

BREATHE THE VAPOUR

**FOR COLDS**

Vapex quickly and safely relieves  
the discomfort and danger of a cold  
in the head. Breathe the vapour  
from your handkerchief or pillow.

Use Vapex too as a protection from  
the colds of others. The antiseptic  
vapour is a simple, pleasant precau-  
tion against the spread of infection.

From your Chemist 2/3

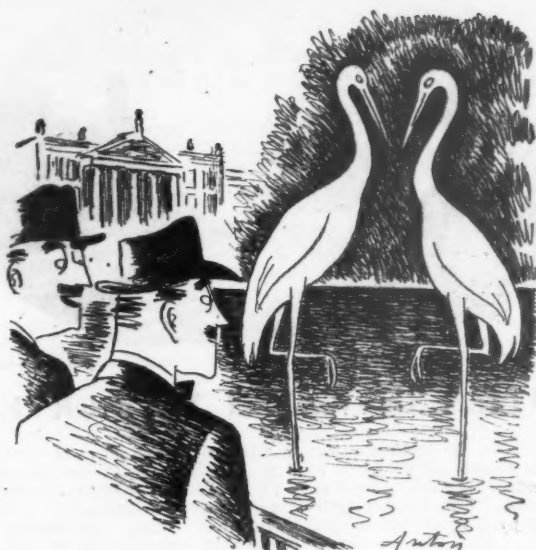
KERFOOT · BARDLEY · ENGLAND

When we invented

**AERTEX**

... we couldn't foresee a world short-  
age of materials; we found that to  
make this unique cellular fabric,  
involved a highly complicated spin-  
ning process. So much so that until  
restrictions are lifted the real Aertex  
must remain in short supply.

CELLULAR CLOTHING CO LTD LONDON W1



**"... and at Saxone  
they measure both feet"**

*Because we measure both feet in fitting 'Footprint' shoes, they are comfortable from the start and keep their good looks to the end.*

**SAXONE**

40 Strand, 11 Cheapside, 64 Gracechurch St., London, Croydon and throughout the country  
A.4



Much more than you think! Free baggage allowance on all Speedbird routes is 66 lb., plus what you carry—overcoat, handbag and books. About 46 lb. of your 66 lb. could include, say, a lightweight case with lounge suit, tweeds and flannels or dinner jacket—2 tropical suits—3 pairs of shoes—16 shirts—and all you need in the way of pyjamas, underclothes, socks, handkerchiefs, collars and ties. Leaving 20 lb. for a smaller case with toilet kit and extras.

**B.O.A.C.** SPEEDBIRD ROUTES ACROSS THE WORLD  
BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH Q.E.A., S.A.A., T.E.A.

Speedbird Routes to:  
Canada • U.S.A. • Middle East • South, East & West  
Africa • India • Far East • Australia • New Zealand

**Marcovitch**  
**BLACK AND WHITE**  
cigarettes for Virginia smokers

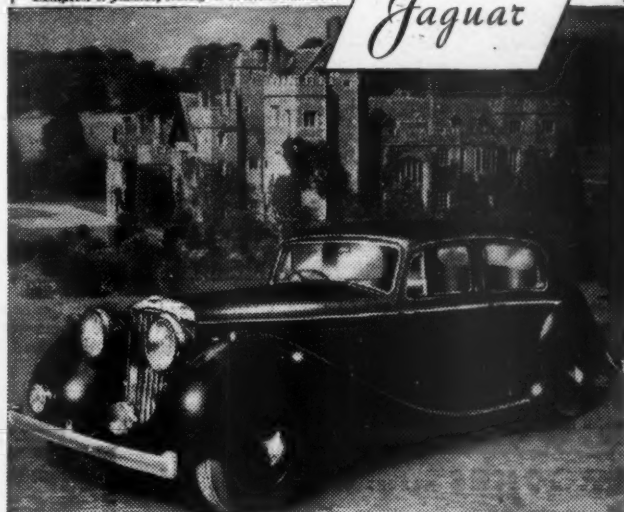
Flat 15 for 3/3 • 25 for 5/-

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**  
**SMOKING MIXTURE**  
2 oz. tin 9/-

**The finest car of its class in the world . . .**

The presence and the performance of the Jaguar are alike distinguished and have earned universal approval. Each of the Saloon Models offered on 1½, 2½ and 3½ litre chassis is a full 5 seater car, luxuriously appointed and incorporating many modern refinements.

Compton Wymintley, stately Warwick mansion.



**Jaguar**

JAGUAR CARS LTD. COVENTRY





*Mighty like a rose . . . Yardley*  
have captured the exquisite rose-  
tones in carefully blended powders  
and petal smooth lipsticks . . . Powder  
five shades 4/10 Lipstick six shades  
4/2 All prices include Tax. (Sorry,  
no post orders) **YARDLEY**

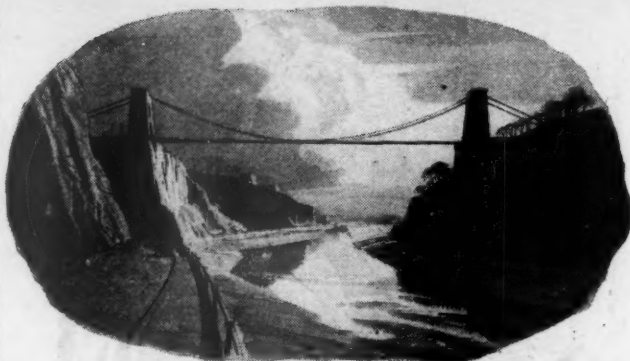
FROM THESE WILD WASTES COMES A RICH STORE



Deep down in these lonely seas of Iceland, Greenland and the North Pacific, the halibut has its dwelling. And this strange fish has a strange favour to confer upon mankind. It is Health! For the halibut, scientists discovered, is one of the richest sources of those two necessary vitamins, A and D. From the first comes protection; the second we call the 'sunshine' vitamin. To co-operate with doctors and scientists in this great work of furthering human health is a task with which The Crookes Laboratories are proud to be associated.

**CROOKES** MAKERS OF VITAMIN PRODUCTS

THE CROOKES LABORATORIES LIMITED : PARK ROYAL : LONDON : N.W.10



*The Suspension Bridge, Bristol*

## CITIES IN WHICH WE SERVE

**BRISTOL.** In Canute's reign it was an English slave market. John Cabot sailed from here in 1497 and discovered North America, claiming it for Henry VII. The king paid him £10 for the job. 116 years later, Bristol merchants gave Anne, James I's queen, a magnificent welcome. She left, owing them £800 for wines. Bristol's prosperity grew with tobacco, slaves and general trade with America. In 1700 the city was second only to London in size and today is a great port and trading centre and ships sail into its very heart.

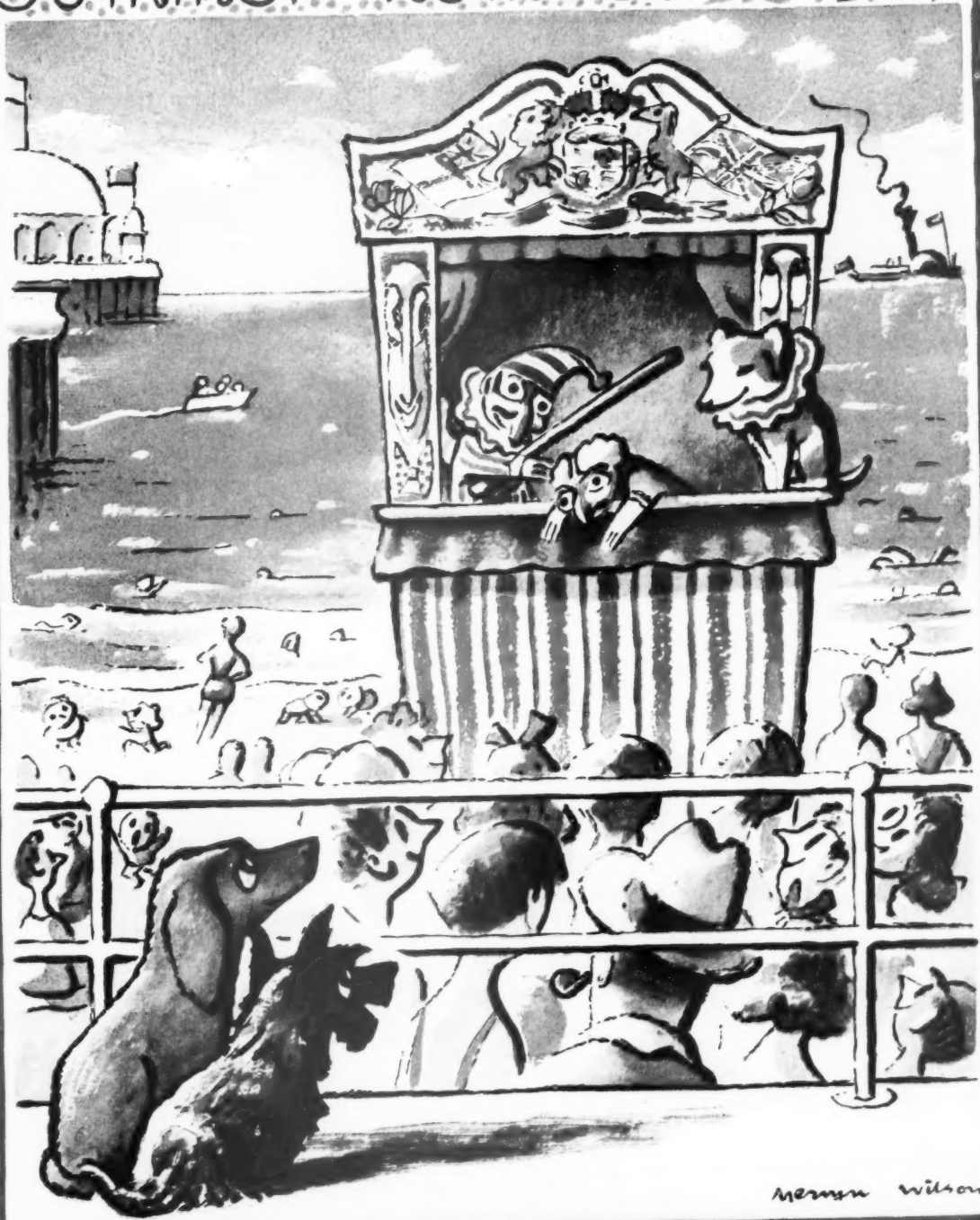
There is an Austin Reed shop for men in Clare Street, where visitors are assured of a friendly welcome.

There are Austin Reed shops in Bristol, London, Bath, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Coventry, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Harrogate, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Norwich, Nottingham, Oxford, Plymouth, Sheffield and Southampton.

## JUST A PART OF THE AUSTIN REED SERVICE



# summer number 1947



"I'm meeting her on the pier after the show."



*"Sorry, chum, I can't shake 'ands just now."*





"Now, whoever is making the Nature Notes should record this incident while it's still fresh."

## Canoe

**S**MOOTH as a billow  
of the Glassy Sea  
but full of liquid colour—  
grape-bloom blue,  
waterweed green, and green of the ash-key,  
old brandy blended with Rembrandt brown,  
and new  
corded silk velvet under the willow-shiver  
beside the landing stage  
the mirroring river  
rocks all its images  
unbroken yet  
as a light-sleeping child scarce stirs its coverlet.

Into this placid water-spell's tranced dreaming  
young Marc projects  
himself and his canoe.  
For him the tranquil river-world is teeming  
with things to hear  
and touch  
and see  
and do  
(especially do).

His brown eight-year-old body  
as supple as a salmon's  
knows the feel  
of the canoe-shell riding the rippling water.  
In arrowy flights its treble-clothyard keel  
he drives upstream.  
His paddle, dimpling water  
in maelstrom-curles  
to either side he flashes

the uplifted blade a gleam with running pearls.  
He laughs aloud at the shock of the showery splashes.

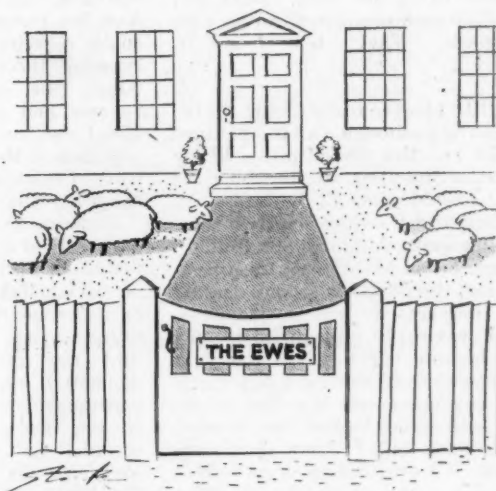
There are cattle knee-deep in the shallows  
to be greeted  
with near-authentic Huron scalping-whoops  
(the jays from the wood repeat his clear-voiced screeches)  
and oh!  
a streak of long blue lightning swoops!  
Kingfisher! Kingfisher!  
His lovely flight completed  
the lightning sleeps on the enchanted air  
one dazzled moment still remaining there.  
The voyager reaches  
a sun-illuminated pool:  
his gold head stoops  
under the branches.

Now his boat drifts on—  
the driving impulse gone—  
while through the cool  
translucent water carefully he trails  
a jam-jar on a string  
among the minnows'  
pinhead-bright eyes and darting, flickering tails.

A wild-rose petal sails  
downstream—  
a cuckoo hoarsely shouts from the wood—  
and dragonflies one, two,  
green-in-a-mist like an emerald,  
peacock-blue,  
hover over the rippled, silk-sun-winking surface:  
and Marc chains his canoe  
(five captive minnows in the jam-jar blinking)  
to swim, and float, and stand in the shallows  
slim  
and brown  
while the little fishes nibble him.

His timeless day will end  
but end not soon:  
this is a boy's river—  
a boy's long afternoon..

R. C. S.



## Bird-Watching

I CAN never resist little books that explain how to learn something, or do something, or something. So when I found myself not so long since repeatedly coming to a standstill as I gazed through the mists of washing-up at the twigs outside the window, where a tiny grey-green bird sat looking at me in a disparaging sort of way, I began worrying about its name, or identity card, or registration number, or whatever birds had; and finally of course I bought a little book on bird-watching, with lots of pictures of large, bright birds.

It struck me as odd that all the birds I had ever noticed about the place seemed, in comparison, very small and dim. The text seemed to be on my side in this respect, for when I turned to the description opposite a picture of a baleful-looking fowl like an eagle, with green wings and a yellow undercarriage, I read: "This little olive-green bird, slipping inconspicuously from leaf to leaf, is difficult to identify; in certain lights it is a very grey bird."

Very grey in certain lights—slipping from leaf to leaf—I studied again the portrait of the gaily-clad biped, which looked as if nothing less than a five-barred gate could hold it up, and came to the conclusion that I was in for something much harder than I had imagined.

For one thing, I felt sure that pictures and text were the work of different hands. The author was obviously a scholarly little man, with a bow-tie and a voice like Richard Goolden's, and the artist a large angry chap in a bright check shirt, probably addicted to opium, who would reel back from each completed canvas with the words, "That's how I see it, anyway!"

WELL, I had to make a start. I began by memorizing all the pictures I could, and this turned into a lovely winter parlour-game. By the following spring I could name all the birds with my hand over the titles; but there was a terrible snag. Although you couldn't fool me, for instance, over the greenfinch and the hawfinch, I knew, in my more desperately honest moments, that I was really only distinguishing them because one faced to the right and seemed to be sniffing a buttercup, while the other was standing on its head with what looked like a pipe-cleaner in its bill. I knew that, from now on, if I ever *did* see a greenfinch not facing to the right and not sniffing

a buttercup I should never recognize it; conversely, every bird I now saw standing on its head, armed to the teeth with a pipe-cleaner, would inevitably be a hawfinch.

However, my little book said that modern ornithologists go as much by song as by appearance, so I kept my head and decided to learn about Bird Song. As it was mid-April by now this turned out to be quite a chore, for although the birds in the garden were as usual slipping about so inconspicuously as to be totally invisible, the noise they were making was shocking. All that I had to go on was the surprising statement of Gerard Manley Hopkins that the thrush "does rinse and ring the ear," and such laughable suggestions in my book as that a chaffinch, for instance, says "Chip, chip, chip, cherry-erry-erry, chippy-ooear!"

I THOUGHT I would try first for the thrush, but there were many hazards. First, how could I be sure that in the general uproar my ears were really being rinsed and rung and not something quite else? Then, how could I know if there might not be one bird doing the rinsing and another the ringing, neither being a thrush? It was the old warbler trouble again. Before Gilbert White's time everybody thought that there was only one leaf-warbler, with three songs in his repertoire; it was the talk of all the coffee-houses. Then one day the little man down in Selborne exploded this frightful bombshell: "It would seem," he said very quietly, trying to steady his voice, "that there are *three* leaf-warblers, each with his separate song." You can picture the scene—the great coach, carrying the news, swaying and crashing through the leafy lanes to Alton, the sweating horses, whip, harness and postillion smothered in laurel, on, on to London, while the populace at the roadside cheered itself silly—I think it *must* have been something like that.

Perhaps the chaffinch would be easier. I got hold of some gramophone records of Bird Song and tried the inch or two labelled Chaffinch. This seemed even stranger than the written information, because at first the noise the bird was making sounded like a demented cuckoo disturbed by an earthquake at an aerodrome. I turned to the book that accompanied the records, and read: "Gusts of wind interfered slightly with this recording. The bird can be heard singing clearly.

Far away an aeroplane engine is heard. In the distance a cuckoo is calling faintly."

I tried again, and sure enough, when I got used to the gusts, engines, and so on, there really *was* a bird going "Chip, chip, chip, cherry-erry-erry," etc., etc., like anything in the middle of it all.

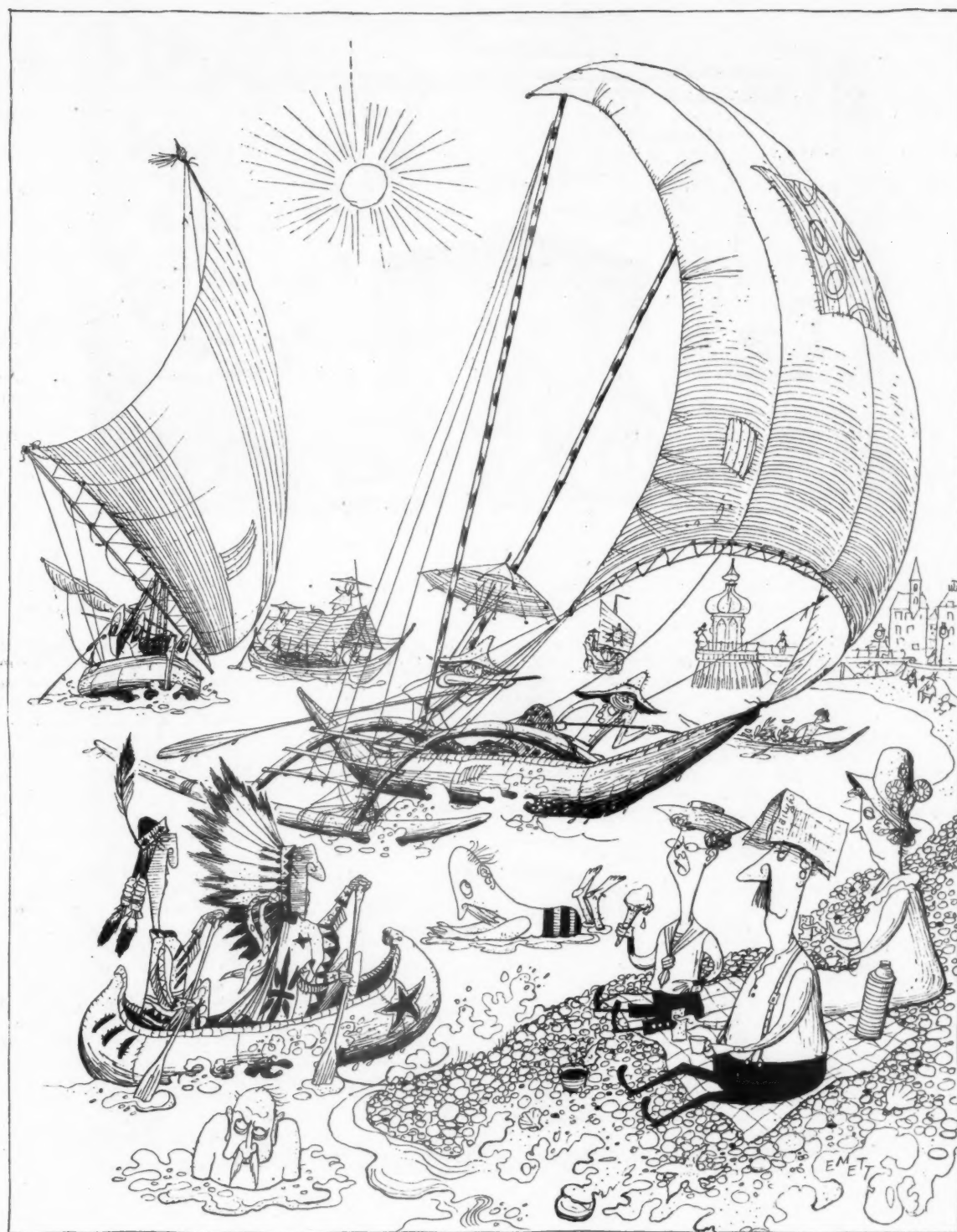
This was terribly exciting, and now I actually can recognize a chaffinch singing out-of-doors, although I never feel quite comfortable unless there is an aeroplane in the garden too.

So I have taken to memorizing a newly-heard twitter or buzz or cheep as I move around the village, and then running home very fast, in the hope of sorting it out on the gramophone before I have forgotten it. The villagers have got used to it by now. Three hundred years ago a dim figure flitting swiftly along the hedgerow at sundown crooning "Prettee-prettee-prip-prip-prip" would soon have been playing lead in a witch-hunt.

THE only trouble now is the gramophone itself. Each record takes care of about four birds, each song taking up about an inch of record, with a shiny ungrooved strip, called the Band, separating the songs. If I come home having heard and memorized what I think is, say, the whitethroat's song, and try the record which contains that song, I am only lucky if he is first on the list. If I have to play through one, two or three songs to get to him, the song in my head is driven clean out by the time I have waded through the various flutings, trills and pipings of his little feathered comrades. I've tried putting the tone-arm down at the requisite spot, but my gramophone will have none of it—unless I begin at the beginning the whole thing comes to a groaning, painful stop.

So I have had to invent a method. I put cotton-wool in my ears. I arrange the gramophone opposite the door, and start the record. I tear outside, shut the door, kneel down and glue my eye to the keyhole, where I can watch the needle, murmuring the while "Prettee - prettee - prip - prip." When the needle reaches the right place I leap in to hear the rest of the record.

The funny part is that it worries people who drop in on me unexpectedly while I am doing this—and they don't seem any less worried when I get up, dust my knees, remove the cotton-wool, and give the simple explanation: "I'm only bird-watching."



"Those 'Come to Britain' posters seem to be getting about a bit."





1937



1947

UNIVERSITY LIFE

## A Pretty Kettle of Fish

This is a pretty Kettle of fish. The Editor sir. The thing that put to my typewriter along has snapped so that each letter comes on top of the one before, making a sort of palimpsest (golly!) but useless for your purposes. Hence this MS which sets an awkward problem, your printers not being able to read my writing and putting those when I've written home and other abscondities. So what I suggest is that they photograph the thing as it stands and leave the reader to worry it out or turn over quickly as desired. I've done my best to make it look like one of your ordinary pages - though goodness knows how your compositors get to the end of each line at the right moment. I keep getting there too soon or too late and producing queer looking words like that "compositors" (there it is again only worse) higher up.

I had to make some lines, as you see, or I should have been all over

the place, but thought you would not like horizontal ones to keep the lines straight, so I may wriggle about a bit (that was a squeeze!) when I get tired. I can't keep up this standard much longer, I tell you frankly.

Another thing. I know you like a picture to break up what you are pleased to call a page of solid type. I suppose it is too much to expect people to read a whole page of my stuff without (sorry) something put in to make them laugh (though you never ask me to write to break up a page of solid drawing,



"hook out, chaps. Banshees - Devils two hundred!"

I notice, I'd soon scribble something suitable across them, if I had the chance. Anyway, I've done a job for you.

It's in the modern style i.e. you either like it or you don't. This is one of the ones you don't. But I can only draw seagulls and men in top hats so was rather limited, limited that word was, in subjects. You can tell which bird is speaking because it's blacker than the others - what tricks those artists get up to, to be sure - and the whole point is the word "Devils" which will probably baffle some of your older readers. "Angels" should give a clue.

Well, well. Here I am nearly at the end of the page and I haven't even started. All I can say is that this method saves me about a thousand words a page, and I shall adopt it regularly in future, with no more of the hyphenated there, dash it! less you and the compositors are going to make a fuss - let alone the artists who will be like my showing up here and there as I draw comic illustrations (if it is to draw comic illustrations) H.F.G.

## Twenty-Eight Days' Leave

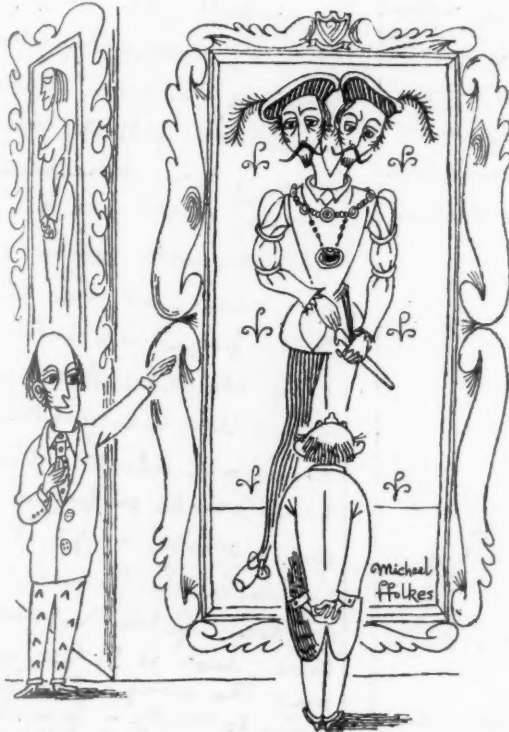
**F**AZAL DAD was on the mat. They gave him twenty-eight days' leave and he had taken thirty-two. Why was that? Everyone was asking the same question. If Fazal Dad was granted twenty-eight days' leave by the sahib to go and visit his village, why did he take thirty-two? It had never happened in Fazal Dad's family before. In the lines they were saying: "His grandfather was a strict man. Why did he allow it? The punishment will be terrible."

The adjutant couldn't believe it either. Fazal Dad had never gone over the edge before. He peered over his glasses into that fierce impassive face and said "Tell me about it."

His voice was not unfriendly. Curious rather. The suspicion of an understanding smile passed over the subadar-major's face. But the adjutant cocked one eye at his neck-band and he drew in his chin. This was not lost on Fazal Dad, who thrust his stomach out a little farther and pressed his arms more painfully to his sides.

"In your own words," said the adjutant almost indulgently. "Just tell me in your own words, because I don't believe it."

"Sahib," began Fazal Dad, fixing his eyes on the wall just above the adjutant's head, "by the grace of God and the kindness of the sahib I received permission to go to my village on the first day of the new moon. The chitty said that I would return on the twenty-eighth day." He paused and closed his eyes a moment. The captain took off his glasses and began to polish them.



"There's a rather amusing story attached to this one."

"With my chitty," Fazal Dad began again, "I travelled on the government train and twice the sun rose and set. Then I got out of the train and I was in a great city. Here I rested while the sun rose and set once. There were many soldiers here, and also many people in the bazaars."

"Yes, yes, yes," murmured the adjutant.

"Afterwards I went on a bus. Also many people. The sun rose and set three times. I was in my own country. It was much cooler than in this place . . ."

The adjutant gave him a quick look and then looked at the subadar-major. But the impassive face of the latter rivalled that of Fazal Dad, whose eyes were set on the wall and whose voice continued monotonously.

"The next day, after a long march, I came to my village." The captain breathed deeply as though with relief. He leaned back in his chair.

"Everything all right there?" he asked, the paternal habit overcoming him for a moment.

"By the mercy of God, sahib, all was well."

"Grandfather all right?"

"Well, sahib."

"Any shooting?"

"Some shooting, sahib."

For the first time Fazal Dad's breast rose with something like emotion.

"Go on," said the adjutant, recollecting himself. He thought he heard the subadar's feet shift a fraction. Getting impatient, was he?

"Upon arriving at my village, sahib, there was some trouble. Happily this was ended soon, and this being a joyful occasion and my family being well, I went to my tailor, who is a friend, and said 'Friend, be great. Make me a new coat.' He said 'I will do it.' And the sun rose and set three times, sahib, while this was being done. Then it was ready."

"No," thought the adjutant, "this was the wrong way to handle this. Seven days is the answer." Yet there was something about the way this story was being told. The superb and protracted lie might bring surprises. The man was an artist.

"I went to my friend, sahib," said Fazal Dad, "and we agreed about the price. And I said to him 'Friend, it is necessary to sew for me little pockets all round the skirt of my new coat . . .'"

"Little pockets round the bottom of your coat?" The adjutant's voice was sharp. "A touch of the sun," he thought.

"My friend was also surprised, sahib," Fazal Dad went on. "I said to him 'The sahib has given me twenty-eight days' leave and he is a strict man.'"

The adjutant nodded involuntarily. The subadar-major coughed twice.

"Into each of these pockets I will put a small stone. Every day when I go to till my fields I will take one of these stones and cast it away. In this way I shall know the number of days." My friend understood and said this was a good plan. "Your sahib is strict but good," he said. "It is well to return at the appointed time."

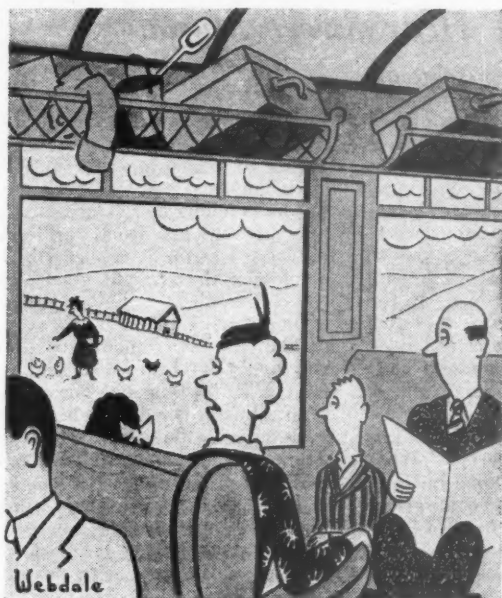
The adjutant closed his eyes and drew a circle on his blotter.

"The story is long," he said in a cold voice.

"It is soon finished, sahib," said Fazal Dad unhurriedly.

"The tailor said 'How many stones, friend?' I explained to him my journey. I told him the number of times of the sunrise and the sunset, trusting always in the mercy of God, for the mind is busy with many things, sahib."





"This is the fifteenth summer she's worn that hat."

Added to this number were the days for the making of the coat. My friend said 'I will make the number of the pockets thus and thus.'

"Thus and thus?" said the captain frowning. "How many is 'Thus and thus'?"

"The answer is with God, sahib," said Fazal Dad in a low voice. "The number is now not known."

The adjutant shifted his weight in his chair and glanced at the clock.

"Why not?" he asked.

"I will explain," said Fazal Dad.

Was there a suspicion of reproach in that voice?

"I went out on to the fields to till my land and hanged my new coat on a thorn. I paid no attention to it afterwards, concerning myself with my work only. Thus it was that I did not see the shaitan of a camel. Between sunrise and sunset she ate away the bottom of my new coat and so perished the pockets and the stones—for such was the gluttony of this accursed camel that even the stones were devoured."

The adjutant sat up close to the table with a brusque movement, and settled the charge-sheet in front of him. He jabbed the pen into the ink-bottle. The squeak of it made him shiver.

"I see," he said; "and after that the sun rose and the sun set..."

"So it was, sahib," said Fazal Dad.

"And so?"

"I went again to my friend, sahib, and said 'A new coat will now be necessary.' He understood the necessity. 'I will make the pockets to the number of thus and thus, less one and less two.'"

The adjutant's pen was held rigidly in mid-air, but he said nothing.

Fazal Dad spoke with ever so little more haste. "One for the day when the camel spoiled the old coat, two for the making of the new. But, alas! sahib..."

"What?" the adjutant almost whispered.

"The will of God decides all things, sahib... The tailors' house was consumed by fire and so perished the second coat."

The adjutant dropped his pen resignedly on the desk and said "Well?"

"And with the coat perished the chitty."

The subadar-major released a lot of air suddenly.

"Why was the chitty with the tailor?" asked the adjutant, placing his two hands slowly down on the blotter and easing the weight off his seat.

"On the chitty, sahib," said Fazal Dad patiently, "is written the number of days. My friend said 'I will take away from the number of days on the chitty the number of the sunrise and the sunset' (as I have explained to the sahib) 'and the number of days for the making of coats and one day in the fields.' So I gave him the chitty."

"Was your friend consumed in this same fire?" asked the adjutant with what he hoped was a sardonic smile on his face.

"God is merciful and he was not," said Fazal Dad.

"Go on."

"Sahib, not wishing to arrive after the appointed time I went to my family and bid them good-bye and turned my face to the frontier."

"And so?"

"Alas, sahib, without the chitty, no bus, sahib."

The adjutant took off his glasses and slowly lowered his head towards his hands, looking upwards and across at the subadar-major, whose look said "It's your own fault, sahib."

"So you walked?"

"Yes, sahib."

"And the sun rose and set?"

"By God's grace, sahib," said Fazal Dad piously, "but at the frontier the train had gone..."

The adjutant put his glasses on again and clasped his hands briskly together.

"Case dismissed," he said. "Take this man out, subadar-major."

Afterwards the subadar-major agreed that it was the only thing he could do. But the adjutant was wearing a puzzled frown and seemed to be preoccupied. He was trying to compute the various risings and settings of the sun that had to come and go before his leave.



"Send round your best reporter. I've made the most ghastly discovery."

## I am Never Merry when I Hear Sweet Music.

(From a Canadian Correspondent)

**M**USIC in factories is no new thing even in your comparatively quiet island, once the home of privacy. You can also hear music from portable radios in the parks, on the rivers and beaches, and elsewhere. But nobody on your side of the Atlantic who complains about compulsory music has any idea of the laughter his remarks would excite in North America, where things are always on a bigger scale and more organized.

On trains, for example, in Canada and the U.S.A., you can often hear five or ten portable radios competing with each other in a single coach. If the man across the aisle from you is playing the Boston Symphony so loud that you can't hear Bob Hope from your own set, you tune yours a little louder. Then somebody down the aisle turns the Merry Madcaps up louder still, to drown out Hope and Koussevitsky together. Then the Boston man turns his up louder still. The effect on a sensitive ear and brain is past belief. The conductor (guard) of the train is empowered to abate a nuisance, but seldom is he allowed to define one when public opinion is against him, and by common consent no radio or combination of radios is called a nuisance until two or more passengers go mad.

There is a company called Muzak Inc. (I suppose the dissimilarity between this word and *music* is highly

symbolic of something or other.) Muzak Inc. has installed loud-speakers in restaurants, factories, and all over the average man's daily life, and claims an American audience bigger than that of any major radio network. It has now spread its loud-speakers to offices, and offers "music while you manage." So help me, it does. In the Canadian city of Toronto the Bell Telephone Co., one of the large banks, and one of the trust companies have installed or are installing Muzak equipment, so that busy executives can hearken to symphonies while glancing at balance sheets. What happens when they are doing business with strangers who hate compulsory music and who are not afraid of being left alone with human speech and human thoughts I do not know. It depends on how many such men are left alive. Off-hand, I'd say it was good business to rattle a debtor in a quite literal way, but poor business to give a creditor the same treatment.

In the big American city of Omaha in Nebraska compulsory music (interspersed with advertising matter) is being tried on the buses and trams. If it works well it will be tried everywhere. I suppose the experimenters' definition of success will differ from yours and mine, and the thing will be tried universally and permanently, even in your island. In the fullness of time, I mean . . . and how very full time is growing, to be sure!

These three amazing facts are true. There is no statutory oath or trade custom by which a writer in a light-hearted journal can swear or indicate that he is telling mere truth instead of indulging in his usual professional fantasy. I can only assure you I am giving you the straight goods, and I wish I weren't.

There seems to me to be a queer hitch in the law somewhere. A man who cares to do his own singing, either in a C.P.R. train or in a Toronto bank or on a bus in Omaha, Neb., will soon be slung off or flung out. He is guilty of a public nuisance, and often of a private one as well. His singing is evidence that he is either drunk or mad. He can also be charged (in Canada at least, for I am not sure about the States) with vagrancy. Song is very vagrant, when home-made impromptu, for pleasure. But if you sing into a recording machine and then play the record over a public-address system or on a portable gramophone or on the air, that is very different. Your song then becomes:

1. Sober
2. Sane
3. A necessary drug to assist human thought
4. A cure for loneliness and restlessness
5. A courtesy, and
6. Legally inaudible.

Which, you must admit, is all the difference in the world. But why?

## Rum

(Lines written in Barbados)

**T**HERE are some  
Who say they're not set upon  
rum;  
They contend—which is true—  
It's the sort of a brew  
That don't go so well as some other  
kinds do  
With the regimen *Britannicum*.

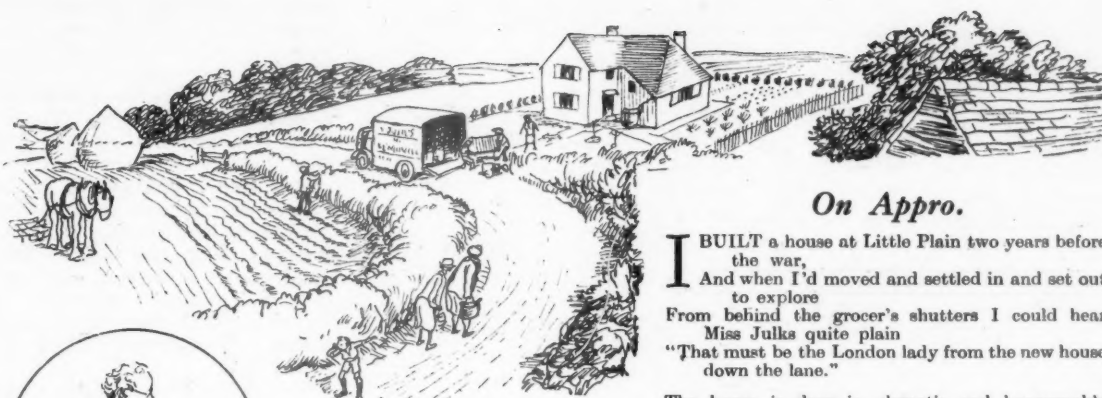
It's a fact  
Which experience often has backed  
That when tramping a glen  
Or a fell or a ben  
A drop of good whisky's the spirit for  
men,  
And those who say other are cracked.

Yes, I know;  
But away in the gleam and the glow  
Of those fortunate isles  
Where the firmament smiles  
And the surf-beaten beaches run  
laughing for miles  
And the fields of the sugar-cane  
grow;

Where the Trade  
Blows soft as the kiss of a maid  
And it's never too hot  
For the thought of a tot  
Of the sun-hearted stuff—which is  
there to be got—  
On a sofa set out in the shade;

Where the folk  
Look on life as a rather good joke  
And they dance and they sing  
Like birds on the wing  
And everything's easy as kiss-in-the-  
ring  
And there's nothing to worry a bloke;

I aver  
That what causes the pulses to stir  
And what tickles the heart  
In this part of the chart  
Is Riondo and Dagger, Coruba and  
Sarthe,  
St. George and Bacardi. Yes, sir!  
H. B.



## On Appro.

I BUILT a house at Little Plain two years before the war,  
And when I'd moved and settled in and set out  
to explore  
From behind the grocer's shutters I could hear  
Miss Julks quite plain  
"That must be the London lady from the new house  
down the lane."

The house is deep in clematis and honeysuckle  
now,  
And there's well-filled thick-hedged garden where  
there used to be just plough,  
And I'm on the schools committee and I lead the  
village choir  
And they asked me last September if I'd represent  
the shire,  
But I never got elected, for the folk of Little Plain  
Wouldn't send no London lady from no new house  
down the lane.

Oh, folk in Little Plain they start to age round 95,  
So by the year 2000 I shall still be here alive,  
But when I die and Little Plain sits down to its  
Gazette

To read the local gossip that begins with "We  
regret . . ."

It will not be of the woman in the macintosh and  
tweeds

Who took the prize for cabbages each year the  
village reads,

My place upon the Council and my being a J.P.  
My efforts for the housing and the W.I. tea,

The way I got the drainage for the Little Plain  
Estate

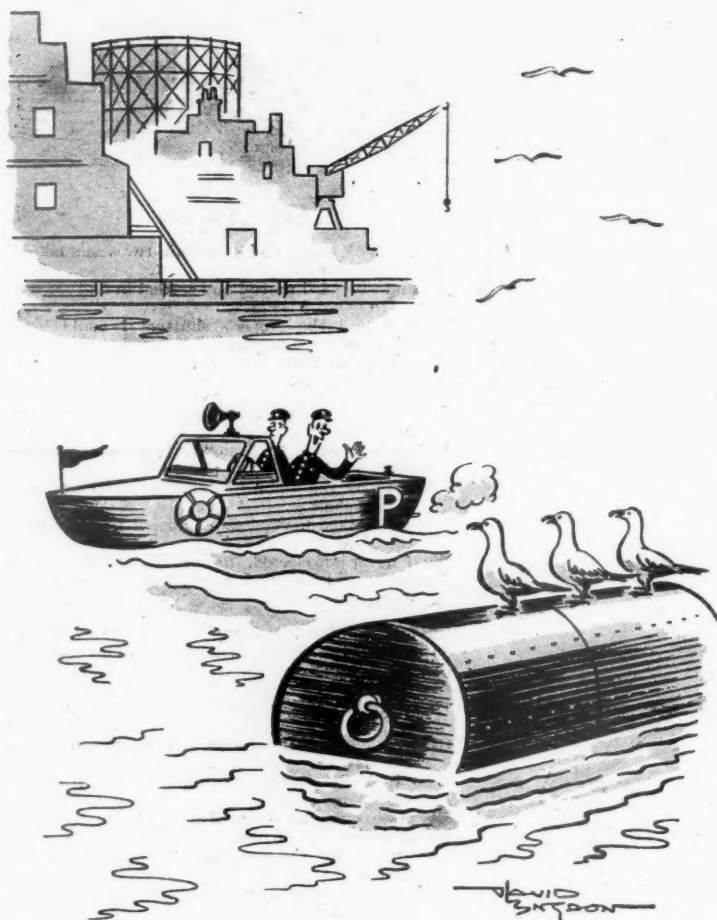
And the fact that I've been working here since  
1938 . . .

These points will raise no comment from the folk  
of Little Plain,

They'll say "Look! That London lady from the  
new house down the lane."







"Mornin', Fred, Tom, Ernie."

## Profile of a Monopoly

(With apologies to profile-cutters everywhere.)

IN New York broadcasting has found its own level, about halfway up the R.C.A. building in the Rockefeller Centre: in London it burrows deeper and deeper into the alluvium and Taplow Gravel of the Thames Basin. At the moment the B.B.C.'s microphones are some forty-five feet below ground, and new borings are constantly being made. I happen to know that in this matter Broadcasting House is not exceptional among London's buildings. For example, there is a small Ministry just off Whitehall where you must mine and sap down to sixty feet before you can get leave to fill in a form for a permit to apply for an allowance. The place is unbearably hot and most of the officials suffer from the bends. London

has its skyscrapers all right, but they're up to their waists in clinging yellow clay.

I believe—in fact I know—that subterranean broadcasting is bad psychologically, whatever may be its financial economies and acoustic properties. I had prepared a rather striking talk . . . well, an uplifting talk, anyway, on the "Ethics of Syndicalism." I felt elated, endowed with a fine missionary zeal. Then they told me to go to some studio called "Z3 and Mixer," and I began the laborious descent. With every step into the abyss my zest weakened. The atmospheric pressure became uncomfortably heavy on my ear-drums and shoulders. At thirty feet I found breathing difficult and a profound melancholia

settled upon me. Clutching my flambeau I descended through a range of low arches into a sort of crypt. Three of its walls were damp and glistened with nitre: the fourth had only recently been bricked up. The studio clock thumped the seconds. All at once I knew that my lecture was ruined, that I should never be able to talk down to people from this pit.

Afterwards, when they told me that some careless idiot had broken the gramophone records of my talk and that they wouldn't dream of asking me to go to all that trouble again, I lodged a firm protest. There was no Amontillado.

British broadcasting has extended laterally, too. When I barked "B.B.C. and drive like hell," the taxi-driver paused with his finger on the flag and said "Which one, guv.? Portland Place, New Bond Street, Wardour Street, 200 Oxford Street . . .?"

"D'you mean to say there's more than one B.B.C.?" I said.

"Blimey, they're everywhere. You can't turn for 'em. Nineteen in the Telephone Directory for a start, and that's a shocking understatement."

As the cab squirmed through Covent Garden he shouted at me over his shoulder: "Mind you, guv., it makes the wireless sort of interestin', tryin' to figure out where the programme's comin' from. Take 'Itma'; now, ninety-nine out of a hundred picture it as comin' from Broadcastin' 'Ouse. Well, it don't, see. It comes from th' Æolian Hall. Same with the Brains Trust—200 Oxford Street usually. Very interestin' when you know the ropes."

I said I supposed so.

"Oh, yes," he went on. "Take my old woman. She sits listenin' for a bit and then she turns to me an' says, 'Now, where'll this be from, Bert?' I'll tell her and she'll lean back comfortable-like. No, she wouldn't care for it at all otherwise."

I asked him whether the theatre-organ recitals came from anywhere particularly interesting, but he missed the point.

THE last time I saw Broadcasting House was in the old silent days when the corridors were hushed and only announcers and the boldest of financially independent comedians dared to knock out their pipes on the banisters. In those days the atmosphere of the foyer was overpoweringly dignified, a mixture of five parts Bank of England to three of mausoleum. The commissionaires were hand-picked men of infinite majesty and perfect poise. They spoke with cold metallic precision,

hitting their consonants like Noel Coward and emphasizing their commands with subtle inflexions of their waxed moustaches. The uniformed messenger-boys sat in a nervous line, their faces scrubbed pink and their hair handsomely brilliantined. The visitor took one anxious look at the Epstein murals and hurried across to the reception desk, taking care to step only on the black squares. And as he stumbled along the corridors, one barge-pole behind a supercilious messenger, there was always the dreadful petrifying possibility that the great voice from "In Town To-night" might explode "Stop!" right in his ear.

The change is amazing. The commissionaires have become mild-eyed veterans of that other war, as docile as Chelsea pensioners: the messenger-boys, or "contact personnel," have become truculent, gum-chewing to-start-you-talkers, with unruly hair and incessant demands for higher pay and shorter hours. Even the building seems different; there is now a touch of the old Euston about it and just a hint of Frith's "Derby Day." Its walls are marked with finger-prints, telephone numbers, rough outlines of talks, quizzes and discussion programmes and scribbled arrows pointing to the bar. Pockets of exhausted air lie at the foot of every stairway.

THE B.B.C. is a monopoly, and the shame of it lies heavy on every employee and nearly every script. The word itself is never mentioned, but a network of precautions has been created to ensure that bias does not creep into the programmes, and elaborate devices are employed to foster some semblance of intramural competition. Last year Reith House won the Challenge Trophy, with Haley second and School last. To suggest, as some people do, that the B.B.C. is a four-posted hotbed of bribery and graft is as laughable as it is malicious. Why, I knew a compère who was sent to Coventry merely for sending a Christmas card to the Listener Research staff!

Now come with me down this long corridor, past the door marked "News Talk—Silence!" past the door marked "Time for Verse—Soft!" past the door marked "Variety—Stamp and Whistle!" until we reach the den of the talks producers. You have now reached the main aorta of Broadcasting House. Here are the people who take common clay and clods between their fingers and mould them swiftly into polished performers.

In the old days the producer's main job was to imbue the performer with a

proper respect for the microphone. Every broadcast was a great occasion preceded by drill, spit and polish. There were tests to discover whether the prospective broadcaster had a "microphone voice." (It was widely supposed that some voices couldn't be translated into electrical impulses or what you will, and that the sounds called "oscillations" which emerged from our primitive receivers were really strings of vowel sounds deprived of their consonants.) If he had, all well and good: if not, he would be invited to catch cold so that the script could be read for him. The script itself was vetted and re-vetted by an army of censors, purists and pedants until it sounded like an annual statement by the Thane of Threadneedle Street on the work of the clearing banks. Only very occasionally—as, for instance, when the Thane of Threadneedle Street happened to be reading his annual statement on the work of the clearing banks—did this method produce really good broadcasting.

In the studio the producer and his assistants fretted and strained to avoid an untoward incident. They fussed around, moving tumblers of water away from elbows, smoothing the crackle out of script papers, checking signals, distributing cough mixture and, worst of all, chattering aimlessly and endlessly in that silly, forced manner which people use when they want you to know that they are trying to put you at ease. And finally, as the second-hand raced into the last lap they would tell the speaker to clear his throat.

To-day the B.B.C. boys have the whole business neatly taped. They have discovered the *technique* of broadcasting. A talk is no longer a fifteen-minutes' gallop on the flat but an expedition into the mass mind. The brighter producers divide each talk into what might easily be called zones

of receptivity. Let me explain. The first two minutes are critical. If they are uninteresting ("non-arresting") the listener switches off or starts humming: if they are exciting he puts down his book and clutches the arms of the chair. After the overture comes a "zone of development," extending from three to seven minutes, when almost anything goes. But now comes the second crisis, the crucial "Zone C." At this stage the listener's critical faculties are amazingly sensitive and a sequence of three dull sentences can cost the speaker three quarters of his audience. Success, here, means a triumphant conclusion and an alpha from Listener Research. Of course, what I have described is only the simplest, most rudimentary system of analysis: a top-bracket producer sub-divides a talk into hundreds of significant zones and knows them all by their nicknames.

I COULD go on like this for hours, but I see that my time is up. Have I been fair to the B.B.C.? No, I suppose not. But have they been fair to me? One of these days I will get the Editor to publish my piece "An Engineer in the Balkans" and readers can then judge for themselves whether it would have made a good talk or not. Hod.

### Our Char

OUR char  
Lives rather far  
From us.  
Usually she goes to the public bar  
At "The Star"  
When she gets off the bus.  
So unless I drive her in the car  
Past "The Star"  
She doesn't often char  
For us.



The people of Ruritania have—



bazy—



but—



colourful—



mental—



pictures—



of the inhabitants—



of other—



countries.



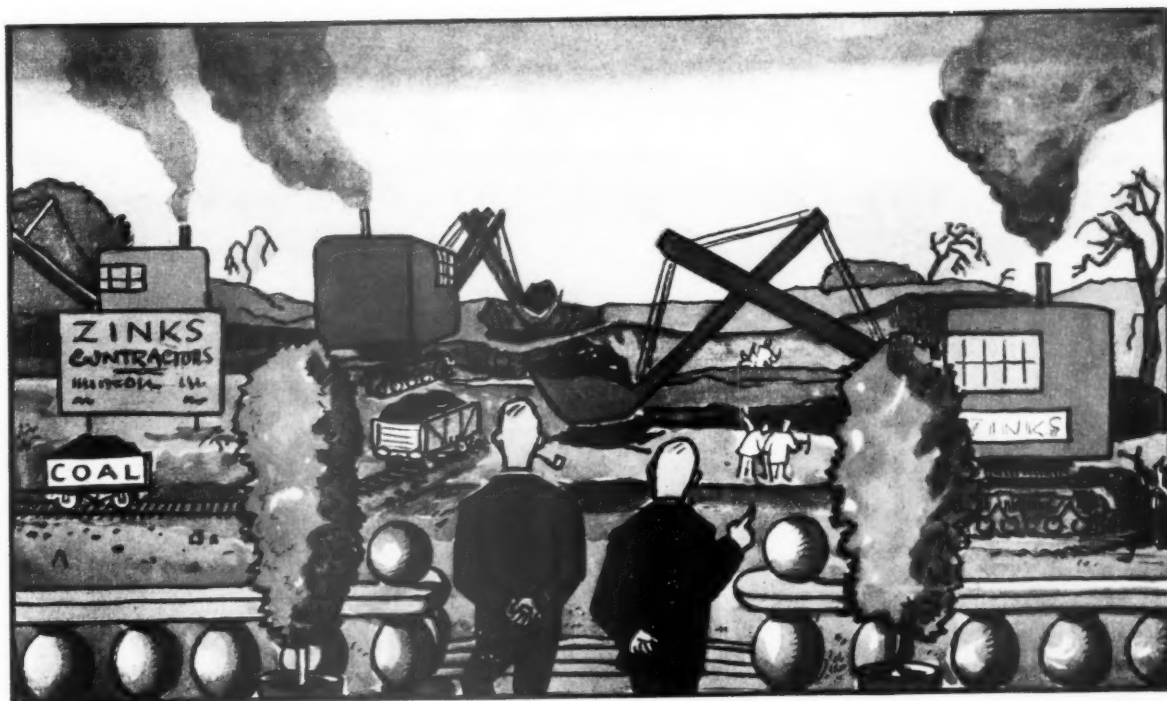
Celine Rogers

About themselves, however, they have no illusions.





*"Pity you couldn't have seen the garden—*



*before it was nationalized!"*

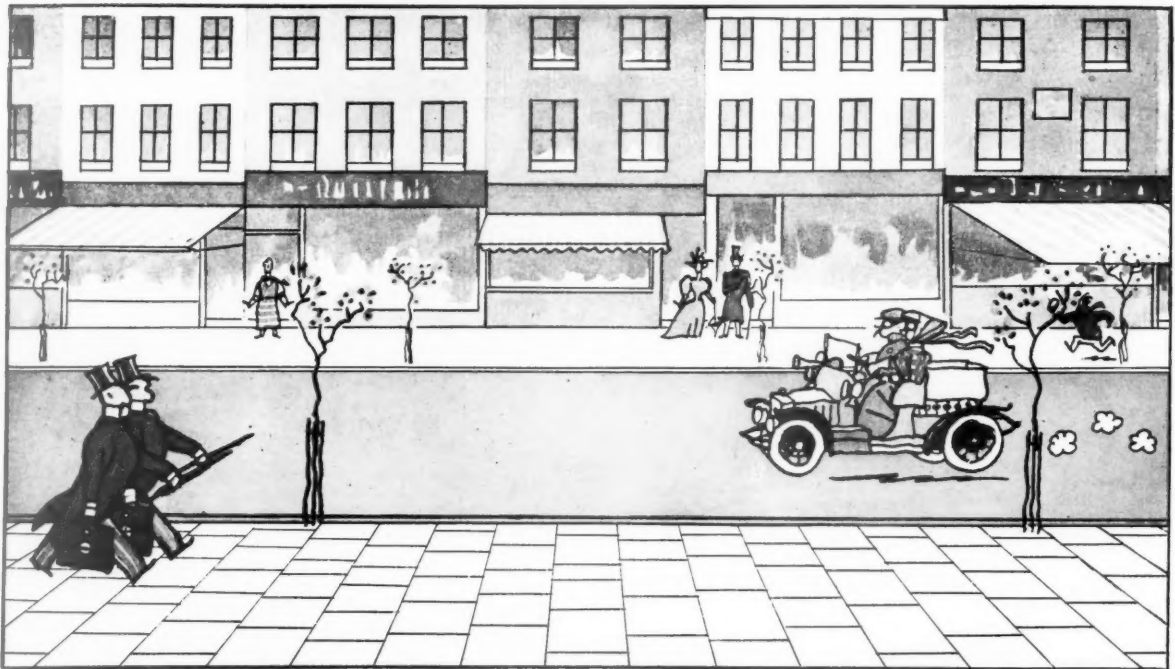


*"Mushrooms—springing up like prefabs!"*



*"... and if they draws us into this Railway Nationalization scheme, BANG goes our individuality!"*





*"We shall very soon have to do something to cope with the changes brought about by the advent of the horseless carriage."*



*"I absolutely concur—we certainly shall."*



## The Everlasting Square

**O** SADLY sighed sweet Isobel,  
"Alack-a-day!" said she;  
She loved a minstrel, but he  
showed  
No reciprocity.

She loved him for his wistful smile,  
His absent-minded frown,  
The way his Adam's apple kept  
A-bobbing up and down.

She loved him for himself alone  
As well as for his art,  
With auricles and ventricles  
That made her beating heart.

But Ebenezer (curious name  
For one who played the flute)  
Could never hear it beating, though  
His hearing was acute.

Indeed, he loved another maid,  
The fair Evangeline;  
A waitress she of high degree  
And autocratic mien.

But she remained quite unaware  
Of all his dumb devotion,  
And swept serenely on her way  
With undulating motion.

For all her love was kept for  
Charles,  
A youth of noble rank  
Who earned a princely salary  
By working in a bank.

She loved his high financial nose,  
His money-changer's jaw,  
The lovely bubbly way he had  
Of sucking through a straw.

But all her longing was in vain,  
Indeed, he never knew it,  
Nor guessed the trembling of the  
hand

That brought to him the cruet,

Because he loved sweet Isobel,  
The girl with shining eyes,

Who always looked as though she'd  
had  
A beautiful surprise.

He thought, what bliss to make her  
smile,  
What fun 'twould be to tease her!  
But Isobel did not respond,  
For she loved Ebenezer.

\* \* \* \*

And now, alack-a-day, you see,  
We're back where we began.  
We ought to draw a moral—if  
You think we really can.

The situation is, I hear,  
Comparatively rare,  
But when it does occur it's called  
The Everlasting Square.

Philosophers have often tried  
Its mysteries to plumb;  
I say it wouldn't happen if  
The lovers weren't so dumb.

## Uncommon Beggar

**W**HEN Mr. Gatwick died of pneumonia there was no particular surprise among the members of his family. "He brought it," they all agreed, "on himself." But what surprised them very much was that, apart from the insurance which went to his wife, he left no money at all.

Ethel, his married niece, favoured the idea that somewhere or other there was a separate bank account, perhaps even in a false name. "Because," she said, "it stands to reason. He can't have buried it. As for whether he had it or not, well, we all *saw* him getting it."

Here she exaggerated a little. The facts were these.

On his retirement from business Mr. Gatwick had very soon found that he could not stand idleness in isolation, however well pensioned. He was no gardener, not very much of a reader (and that only in the evenings, which he was accustomed to call "the proper time for reading"), he was not empty-headed, but when there was nothing to do he liked to have "company." He chose an odd way of getting it. A week after he had retired from the office where he had worked for twenty-seven years, he resumed his visits to it; the only thing was that he did not go inside. It was late summer, and he formed the habit of sitting, nearly all day, on one of the wide window-ledges of the bank next door.

For some time this worried Mrs. Gatwick. "But what do you *do*?" she said.

"Nothing. I sit and watch the people go past, and I'm my own master. It's very pleasant, Minnie."

"But what people must think—"

"As if that mattered to me—at my age."

Gradually she came to accept the position: he was as well as he had ever been, and on the whole a good deal better-tempered. But the rest of his family were less

resigned, and wrote pained, indignant, protesting letters. Most of them thought it disgraceful that he should daily be sitting out in the street like what they all called "a common beggar."

His married niece Ethel put their case to him without success.

"I'm not a beggar," said he, "and it can't matter to me if people think I am one."

"You forget to think of us, Uncle," said Ethel, genteel reproof shadowing her tone.

"If you think I'm going to be miserable staying indoors or sitting about in the local park among all the other old crabs just to save you—"

"Not miserable," Ethel said. "It only wants getting used to."

She spoke so complacently that Mr. Gatwick lost his temper.

"Look here, Ethel," he burst out suddenly, "I don't see any call to get used to a thing I don't like when there's a thing I do like that doesn't do anyone a mite of harm. It's an interesting occupation for me and I shall stick to it."

Ethel went away without having accomplished anything; but Mr. Gatwick's nephew Herbert, who was going to be married soon and felt that the possession of an eccentric uncle might prejudice his standing, went to work in a more subtle way. He asked a friend, who worked in an office near his uncle's scene of operations, to walk past Mr. Gatwick in an off-hand manner and give him a penny. This was done.

"And he didn't take any particular notice," the young man reported to Herbert later.

"What!"

"No—took it like a bird. And look here, before I gave it to him I swear I saw him get another penny, from an



old lady. May have been more than a penny. And he didn't seem surprised then either."

"Well, this is a bit thick," Herbert said. He abandoned subtlety and tackled his uncle, telling him he would soon, at this rate, be getting arrested for begging. Mr. Gatwick was unmoved. "You needn't worry," he said, "I shan't be arrested." As time passed, and he was not, many of his relations concluded that he must have arranged things with the police. Several times, in fact, he was seen to be in friendly conversation with a police-inspector near what was becoming known as his "pitch."

He kept up the habit, and criticism died. It was, after all, a harmless eccentricity enough, and as for the begging . . . Ethel had little reticence: she said: "You can't deny he must be getting quite a little bit of money out of that. It stands to reason. You know you're always seeing in the papers about some beggar who's left hundreds and hundreds of pounds. It mounts up so; he must be simply coining money—people would give it to him because he's so obviously a better type of man. And what is there for him to spend it on? He lives on his pension."

Almost the only disadvantage, for him, was that the cold weather gave him chills and he could not sit for so long. On cold days he would come home early and potter about bad-temperedly, sniffing. But he stuck obstinately to his routine.

It was the third winter after he had left the office that proved too much for him. A chill grew worse, and "You can't trifle with pneumonia," as Ethel said. It was generally considered that he had trifled with it when he died.

With his will came the surprise: of the extra money,

the Wages of Beggary (as Herbert called it), there was no mention. Ethel was convinced that there must be about two hundred pounds credited to his—or another—name in some obscure branch bank, and that he had meant to divide it between his nephews and nieces; but months passed, and it did not turn up.

Then one day Ethel's husband came home with some news. He had been talking to the police-inspector round whom, it had been assumed, Mr. Gatwick had got.

"They seem to have been quite friendly. He said he was at the funeral; did you see him? . . . Indirectly, you know, I asked him if he knew people used to give the old boy money. Oh, yes, he said. 'A bit irregular, I suppose,' he said, 'but he never asked for it, and I knew it all went in a good cause.'"

"A good cause?" Ethel repeated.

"Yes, it seems Uncle used to give it all away again on his way home. People selling matches, pavement artists. It was theirs really, he used to say . . ."

Now, whenever Ethel hears or reads that a beggar has been found in possession of a lot of money, she says to herself in an exasperated tone: "Yes, and how much of it is ours! How much of it is ours!" R. M.

#### Philatelharmonic

"The S.C.A. campaign is gaining strength. Have you added your name to the petition? If not, send it now to the Association. 50,000 signatures are required. EVERY COLLECTOR SHOULD DO HIS OR HER DUTY by singing at once."

Stamp-Collectors' publication.



"No, there isn't anyone else, Harold—that's the trouble."

# WHAT IS WRONG WITH BRITISH CRICKET?

Fringsen



*With what enthusiasm the Rugger man takes the field!*



*With what vim and vigour the Soccer player emerges!*



*Note the entering dash of the ice-hockey ace—*

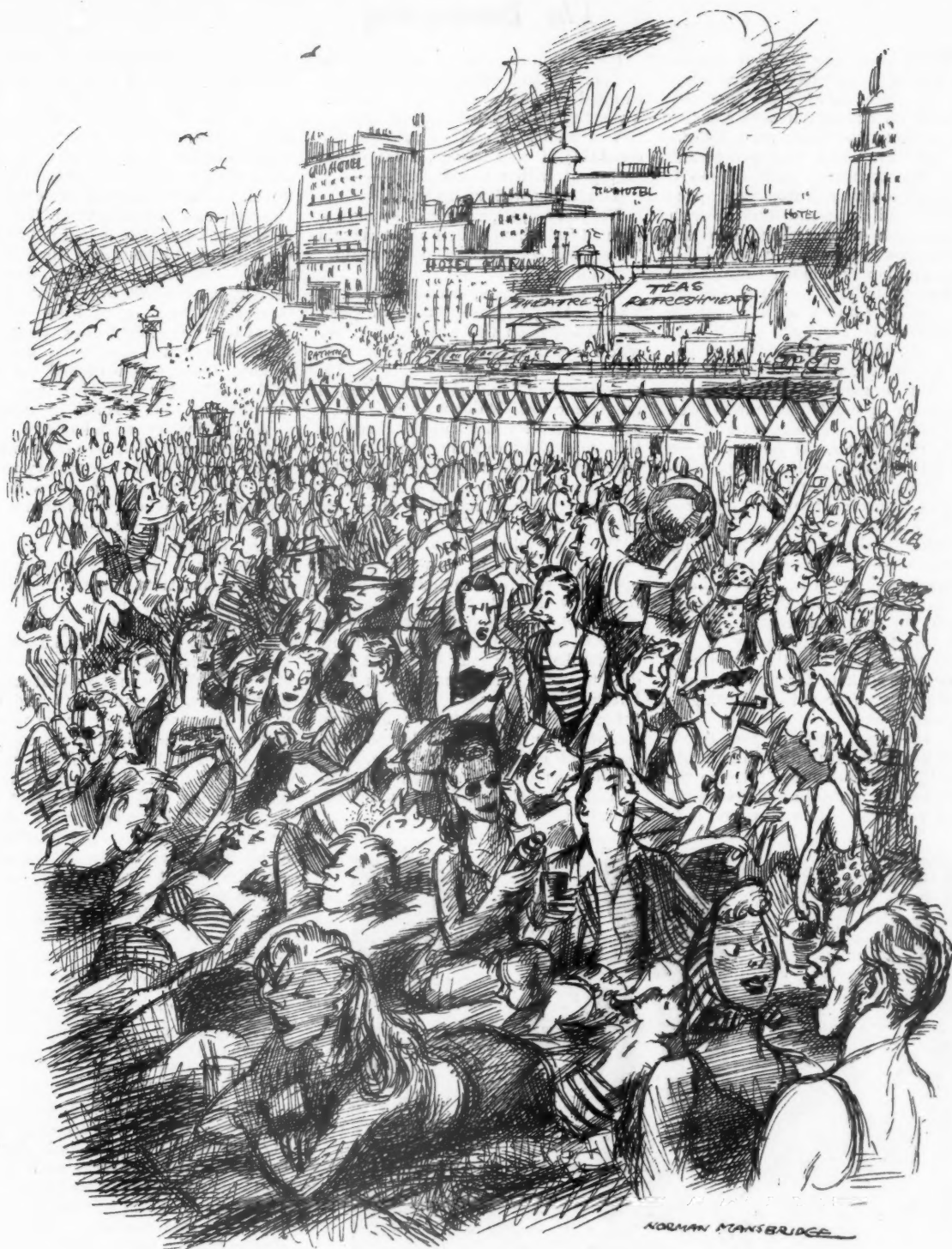
*and the hearty arrival of the tennis star!*



*And then observe how the first-class cricket team loiters palely out of the pavilion:*



*why on earth can't THEY put a bit of life into it too?*



*"Don't look now, but isn't it incredible that the Robinsons should choose the same place as us for a holiday?"*



## The Boomerang

THIS is a very serious charge indeed. You have heard what the officer said? Last Thursday afternoon he was on patrol in a police automobile on the Esher road, following your car, which was proceeding within the permitted limit of speed. Suddenly you accelerated your pace violently and as he did likewise with the intention of overtaking you and bringing you to a halt, you hurled this jagged and heavy spanner through his windscreen, failing, by good fortune alone, to hit him or to bring about the dangerous accident which was apparently your design. Had it not been for this good fortune and for the officer's commendable courage in continuing the pursuit you might well have eluded apprehension, no doubt to repeat this murderous behaviour on some future occasion. In these particularly grave circumstances your statement as transcribed by the officer—"Crikey! Is that where it ended up?"—sounds peculiarly callous and your explanation—"I was only having an argument with my wife"—revealingly brutal. Have you anything to say?

Well, you see, your worship, first of all, I wasn't *trying* to get away. I—  
You accelerate violently, you throw a very large spanner through his windscreen, but you are not attempting to get away?

No, sir—your worship; you see, I didn't throw the spanner *at* him at all, I just threw it sort of *up*, through the sliding roof. I mean through where the sliding roof was before I opened it.

I see. You are driving quietly along in your car, you open the sliding roof, suddenly increase your speed and toss a 'weighty spanner just sort of up?

Yes, that's it. As I said to the constable, I was having a bit of an argument with my wife, and—

You argue with spanners?

No, you see, sir, if you will let me explain, it isn't that at all, it's that *she* said "They will come *straight* down again." Spanners?

No, not spanners, ashes. You see, I was smoking a cigarette and some ash blew back from the window into my wife's eye and *she* said "Must you blind me?" and I said "All right, I'll open the roof," and *she* said "They'll only come *straight* down again," and I said "Rot, they can't unless there's a following wind exactly equal to the speed of the car," and *she* said "That's one of your bits of science made easy for tired business men, but these are *my* eyes, thank you."

What has all this to do with—

Well, sir, just to show her, I did open the roof and bunged, I mean, threw my cigarette end up through it, only most unfortunately it caught—the cigarette-end—on the edge of the thing and fell back on to my wife's hat. We didn't notice it for a moment or two, but then my wife said "I smell something burning. Have you as usual forgotten to get any oil for the last couple of months, Oh, it's *me*," and we discovered the cigarette in her hat.

And put the fire out with the spanner?

It wasn't really a fire, it had only burnt quite a small hole, but my wife was extremely annoyed and said "Well, Mr. Cleversides, now you can jolly well buy me a new hat with your bally theories. And a thoroughly good and expensive hat too, and I hope it hurts." I told her several times that the cigarette-end had caught on the edge of the roof and that it had nothing to do with the obvious fact that if you throw something upward from a moving car it can't come down where it started from, or at least the car won't be there when it does. I got a bit irritated because she would keep on talking about the wretched hat and saying she was sure her hair was smouldering, did I smell anything.

Was it, in fact, smouldering?

No, it was *not*. Hair does *not* smoulder, which is what I told her twenty times. And it had nothing to do with the argument. Anyhow, to convince her, I picked up the spanner—

Ah! the spanner!

—and she said "First you try blinding me, then you set me alight; go on, now beat me to a pulp," or something like that. I said the spanner was too heavy to be affected by wind, I would throw it up absolutely straight and she would see that it came down where the car wasn't and that would thundering well prove it once and for all. She said that she couldn't care less if I threw *myself* up, except that I'd just come back again like the other things, and after all that had happened to her what was a simple braining, go ahead. So I accelerated a bit and then threw the spanner straight up but *very* carefully—

You said "very"?

—and it didn't come back and I said to my wife "You see, I was right," and *she* said "Don't be so quick, this one will probably boomerang or something, I won't feel safe till I'm in bed to-night," and the police car drove up and halted us, and we found out what had happened.

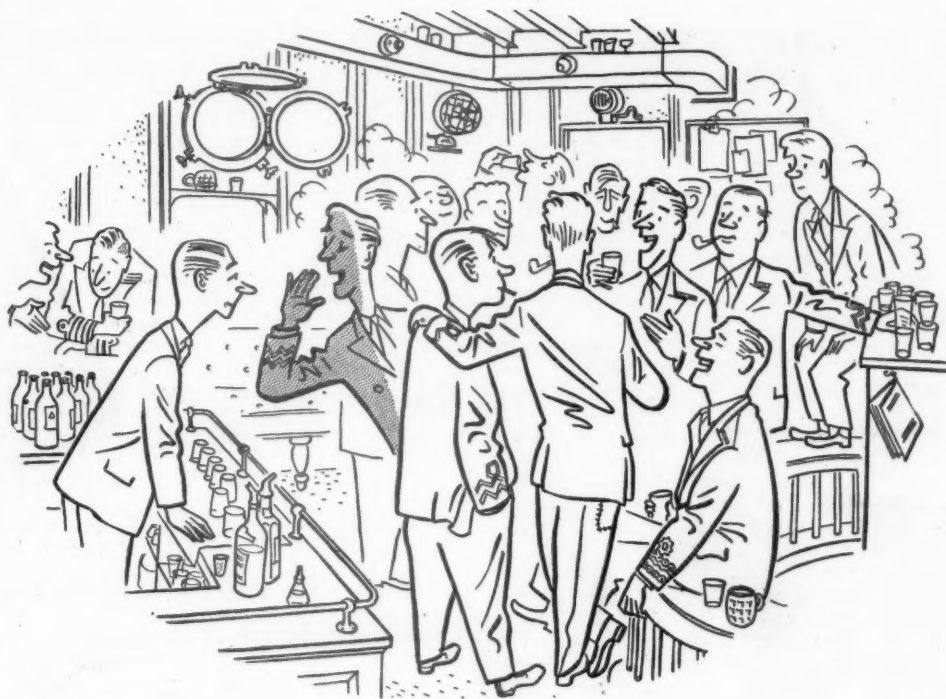
Is that all?

Yes, that's all.

Before going into the question of what you are to be fined for dangerous driving, exceeding the speed limit, damage to Government property and so on, the Court will no doubt be told as usual what your wife said at that juncture.

Oh, she said wouldn't it be a good idea to tell the police about any other little theories I had and get them all taken into account at my trial. "You great big strong man," she said, "Throws a spanner *ever* so far!"

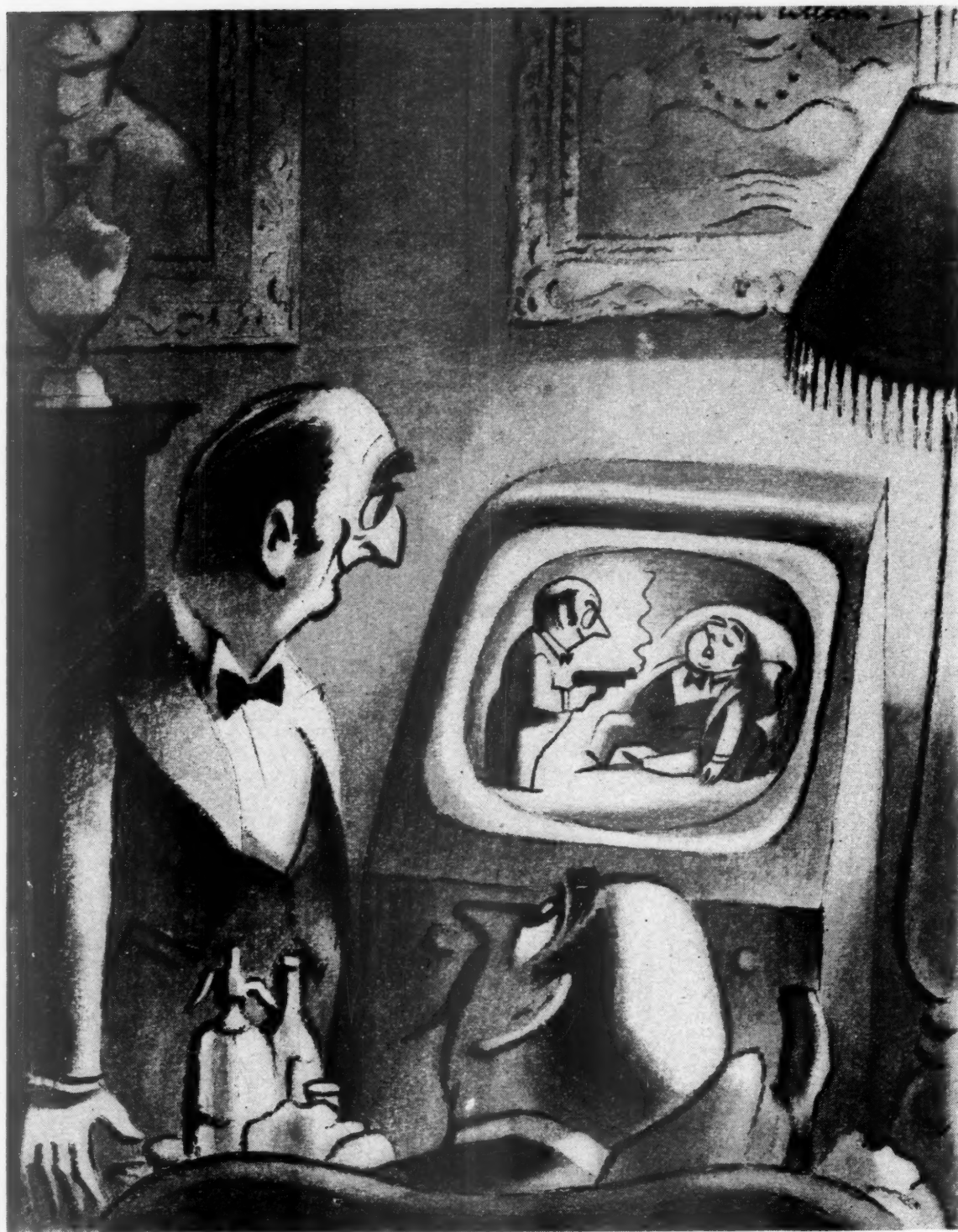




1945—"Eleven large whiskies, six ditto gins, a triple sec, and a tin of cigarettes."



1947—"Five small mild-and-bitters, one gin-and-orange, and ten Woodbines, if you please."



*"That will be all for this evening, Barker."*



## Cats

WHEN I arrived home last Friday I found a note from Sympton lying on the mat: "Called away suddenly to bedside of sick aunt. Please look after cat which I have pushed through front window." I went into the front room to locate the animal, but no cat was visible. I made the noises traditionally supposed to be necessary to lure cats from their hiding-places, but still no cat appeared, and I came to the conclusion that the cat had not liked the look of my front room and had escaped by the window through which it had been originally inserted.

Disliking cats as I do, I accepted his departure with philosophy. I am not the type to force unwanted hospitality on anybody.

So I made myself a cup of tea and settled down to read the evening paper, and the very first paragraph that caught my eye was headed "Heavy Fine for Cruelty to Cat. Magistrate's Sharp Words to Defendant." I read the case with a good deal of interest. The owner of the cat, apparently, had neglected to feed the animal, and it had been reduced to a skeleton of its former self. The owner had been hissed by an angry crowd as he left the court.

The dreadful thought flashed through my mind that if I failed to feed Sympton's cat I might myself figure in the *Evening Wire*. I went straight to the larder, where I poured half my day's ration of milk into a large saucer, which I placed just inside the window of the front room. I sat down and watched the open window longingly, but no cat appeared. Then, with a sigh, I took my ration-book to the grocer and invested my small reserve of points in sardines. On the way back I saw a large black cat sitting on a wall, looking doleful and lost. I took off my jacket and held it in front of me like a bull-fighter, and made a sudden dive at the cat, which I enfolded neatly in the jacket. Then, ignoring its protests, I hurried home and took it straight into the front room to feed it.

Three cats were busy lapping up the milk, and the large black cat joined them with every symptom of pleasure.

A loud knocking came at the front door, and I opened it to find a red-faced man on the step, looking angry.

"You kidnapped my daughter's cat," he said. "I saw you from the bathroom window."

I laughed easily.

"A clear case of mistaken identity," I said. "There are no cats here."

He pointed dramatically at the open door of the front room. The milk-drinkers now numbered six. It was an awkward moment, but I have a ready wit.

"I live in the upstairs flat," I said. "If the people downstairs have stolen your cat, I suggest you go and grab him. You can take all six, if you like."

I withdrew with dignity up the stairs, and when he had gone off with his daughter's cat I went down and ejected the other five. I felt sure that Sympton's cat, being homeless, would return, while the others would no doubt disperse to their own homes. This theory proved unfounded, because when I put out a tasty sardine supper for Sympton's cat just before ten o'clock, seven cats arrived almost simultaneously.

Clearly this could not go on. If I shut down the food supplies I should probably be heavily fined, hissed at as

I left the court, and obliged to listen to sharp words from the magistrate. If I continued to feed seven cats, however, I should myself be reduced to starvation. After much cogitation I managed to remember the address of Sympton's aunt and sent off a wire: "PLEASE SEND EXACT DESCRIPTION OF CAT LEFT IN FRONT ROOM. URGENT."

Sixteen weary hours passed by. Not only did the seven cats attend regularly for meals, but during the intervals between meals they lurked in the front garden or strolled nonchalantly up and down the path, like men waiting for the pubs to open and pretending they are not. Then at last the telegram came: "SORRY CAT REFUSED ENTER ROOM SO TOOK WITH ME TO SICK AUNT. SYMPTON."

o o

"An attack of measles caused Mrs. J. — to scratch . . ."—Sports page.  
Rash!



"What do you intend doing now they've revived the labour shortage?"



"We'll be wantin' a doctor soon."  
 "That's all right—I am one."

## Laying Hold of a Boat

I—Girl Gladys

"GOOD LUCK," I said for the third time, determined at no matter what staggering cost in mild-and-bitters to learn the whereabouts of the redundant boat which I suspected was lying around somewhere, and which I simply must have.

Jimmy said it was a rum job to lay hold of a boat nowadays, not but what I might be lucky. "Though not round here you wouldn't be," he added. "Cheerio."

"Why not round here?" I asked. "After all, I'm a resident of the place."

Jimmy's cynical laugh, the derisive wiping of the mouth with the back of his hand, conveyed all too clearly that although I might indeed be a resident I was not a native, and therefore ranked but little higher than that lowest form of life, the visitor. I signalled the barman again, if only to gain face. The East Anglian fisherman has nothing to learn from Mr. Molotov on the art of reticence.

"After all," I pleaded, "I only want it to play around in—amuse the

children, you know. Surely nobody would mind that?"

He gave me a shrewd look. "You weren't thinking of fishing, then?"

"Occasionally, perhaps. Why?"

"But you wouldn't be selling to the trade?"

I intimated that the trade would have to get along without me.

"What about trippin'?"

"Trippin'?"

"Taking the visitors for trips in the summer."

"Any more for the Skylark?" you mean. No, Jimmy. Promise."

His worst fears allayed, Jimmy became a shade less Molotov-like; the iron curtain, in fact, gave an audible creak.

"There's old Johnson's boat now—"

"Ah. Yes?"

"But she's full of holes."

"I see. Full of holes."

"Not that he'd part with her, anyway."

"Naturally."

He pulled thoughtfully at a gold ear-ring. "Then there's Boy John."

"Ah," I said again, and waited for him to tell me that Boy John had never got back from Dunkirk.

"Bad luck," I said.

He lapsed into silence again. The flood of inspiration was apparently receding, so I urged him to drink up and have another. It seemed a pity to miss anything.

"I don't know," he managed at last, "if you was to go and see old Downtide—he generally uses 'The Crown'—if you was to go and see him, tell him I sent you."

He drained his glass in a manner suggesting duty nobly done, and the cost of the boat went up another pint.

We launched her, all twenty pounds-worth, in the little creek at the north end of the beach. A dozen fishermen were there to lend a hand—a tribute indeed to my nautical status and a striking example of the brotherhood of the seas. Swiftly they bundled her out of the dark shed where she had lain for so many years; then, six at each side of her fourteen-foot length, they carried her the three hundred

yards down to the creek where, with simple dignity and without a moment's hesitation, they dropped her in the mud.

For the mud, Downtide explained, was the physic for Girl Gladys. She was sure to leak a bit after being so long out of water, but now the soaking she'd get at every tide would make her timber swell and eventually stop the leaks. But I mustn't be in a hurry, he said. The mud treatment, it appeared, was not rapid in its effect.

The launching over and Girl Gladys secure in her bed of health-giving slime, I somehow found myself heading up the High Street. All the helpers seemed to be with me. Indeed the party gathered supporters on the way until eventually it was as much as "The Lobster" could do to accommodate the twenty or so people who now assembled to "wet" the launching—at the owner's expense. And a jolly good launching too, they declared an hour later, and wouldn't those south-side chaps be sorry to have missed it? I heard later that they were.

A little hazily I walked back to the creek. The tide was up, and only her gun's showed above the water—the kindly sea which was to mend her gaping seams and make a new boat of her. Soon she would be submerged completely, and only a large red "L" sign, stuck in her bow at the end of a pole, would mark where she lay at rest.

All this happened last summer. She is still there. Her paintwork, I admit, has not benefited from the many immersions, while her general appearance is hardly up to Cowes standard. That she has not altered much structurally, however, I am able to observe from the fact that the water which fills her at every tide continues to run out again *with* the tide, leaving behind only a gradually increasing amount of the health-giving slime.

Mercifully, the "L" sign soon disappeared. If whoever removed it did so in the belief that I had passed the probationary stage in boat-buying, I think perhaps he had something.

## II—The Engine

I MUST admit that when I have bought a boat, and that boat continues after nearly twelve months to show not the slightest inclination to float, then my interest in that boat, as a boat, tends to diminish.

Not that Girl Gladys could be written off as a total loss, mind you. Indeed, according to the experts her ultimate seaworthiness was never really

in doubt. Leave her on the mud, they had said—thus would her timbers swell, thus, *ipso facto*, her leaks be healed. It was only a question of waiting, they said.

So on the mud she went last summer, and on the mud she remained, showing progressively fewer signs of yielding me my proudest moments. Certainly I was in no mood to listen to Jimmy's suggestion that I should now try to drop on a nice little engine.

"Nothing like having an engine in a boat," he said, giving me a sharpish look over his mild-and-bitter.

"Possibly," I replied coldly.

"You know my wife's cousin, him with the bread-round?"

"Don't tell me he has a new van at last?"

"No, but the engine's fell out of his old one."

I looked him steadily in the eye. "Jimmy, you're not suggesting..."

"A clinking good engine, Mister. Nothing wrong with her only a bit of a crack where she lit on the road."

"No doubt the mud would soon cure that," I said bitingly. "We could dump her with the boat. They'd look well together." In rather kinder tones I pointed out that my prestige had not exactly been enhanced by my purchase, largely at his instigation, of Girl Gladys in the first place. Was I now to heap derision on my head by buying an engine that wouldn't go to put into a boat that wouldn't float? Never in this life.

"Who said she wouldn't float?"

"My dear chap. Come." From the doorway of "The Lobster" I waved vaguely towards the creek where, ever since last July, Girl Gladys had remained sluggishly in the mud. "Look," I said bitterly.

We both looked. It was high tide, and there—yes, it could be none other—there, riding the waves like a gull, was Girl Gladys.

"Half full of mud she was," said Jimmy calmly picking his teeth. "How d'you expect a boat to float if you never clean her out?"

For a full minute I gazed, fascinated by the lovely sight. "My dear fellow," I said at last, brushing away a tear. "Come, what will you have? Scotch? You were saying something about an engine..."

I suppose that fifteen pounds is not really excessive for an engine nowadays, even if you add on the further fifty shillings I paid Central Garage (Jimmy's uncle) for mending the cracked sump. Then of course there were the various odds and ends, as Jimmy called them; for, as he rightly

pointed out, you can't just put a van-engine into a boat, turn the handle and expect to disappear across the North Sea in a cloud of spray.

First the engine had to be converted for marine work—a little matter which Jimmy persuaded his nephew (ex-R.A.F.) to attend to at the trifling figure of £24. Then there was the propeller and shaft which I managed to pick up, dirt cheap at £6 10s., from Jimmy's brother-in-law, while a further £9 15s. paid to his wife's uncle by marriage for the petrol tank, various pipes and gauges, etc., was of course the merest song.

Altogether, my notebook tells me, my expenses, including the £20 I had paid Jimmy's step-father for the boat, amount to some £78, which I still maintain is not unreasonable for a sea-going motor-boat. I see that no provision seems to have been made for insurance, though I distinctly remember writing to Lloyd's and enclosing a brief description of Girl Gladys together with a photograph. But I expect they were very busy at the time.

Nor is the cost of fitting the engine taken into account, since Jimmy says he doesn't know if he can nicely charge me anything as things turned out.

It was all due to the propeller, which we discovered (too late) should have revolved in the opposite way to that in which the engine did in fact revolve it when after twenty minutes' vigorous cranking she suddenly burst into life. Unfortunately I had weighed anchor in readiness to be off. Off we certainly were, at a smart pace backwards, Jimmy and me still huddled over the engine. Only the glancing blow we struck at Colonel Fawcett's bright mahogany job told us that all was not well. Some bright mahogany language followed us as we sped swiftly seawards, but the finer points of this were lost in the loud cheering from the jetty, which we rounded at a good three knots.

An in-coming crab-boat put further progress out of the question, and hardly had we recovered from the shattering impact when Girl Gladys's planks parted for the last time and the engine, true to her tradition and with horrible spluttering noises, disappeared into the deep. . . . We joined the crab-boat.

The really exasperating thing is that Girl Gladys's own perfectly good marine engine had been lying unused in a shed for years, if I had only known. Jimmy's wife's cousin with the bread-round must have known, however, because he has just had it converted for his van.





Adrian Rogers



"They accepted only one."



"Some uncanny instinct brings them back here summer after summer."

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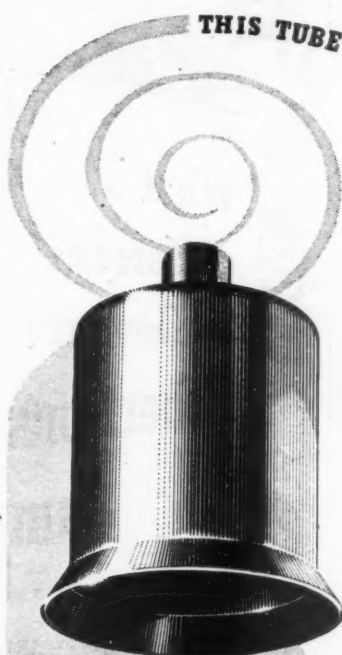


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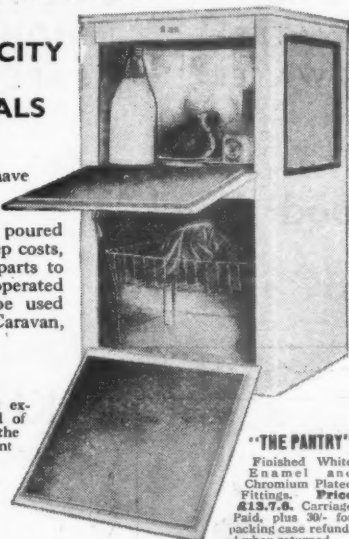
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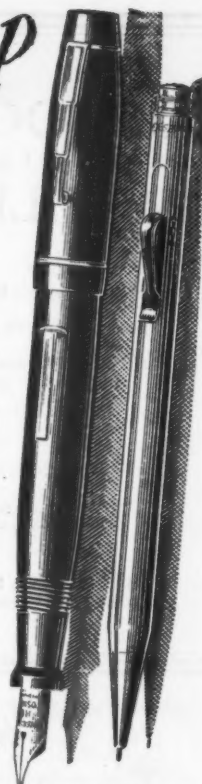
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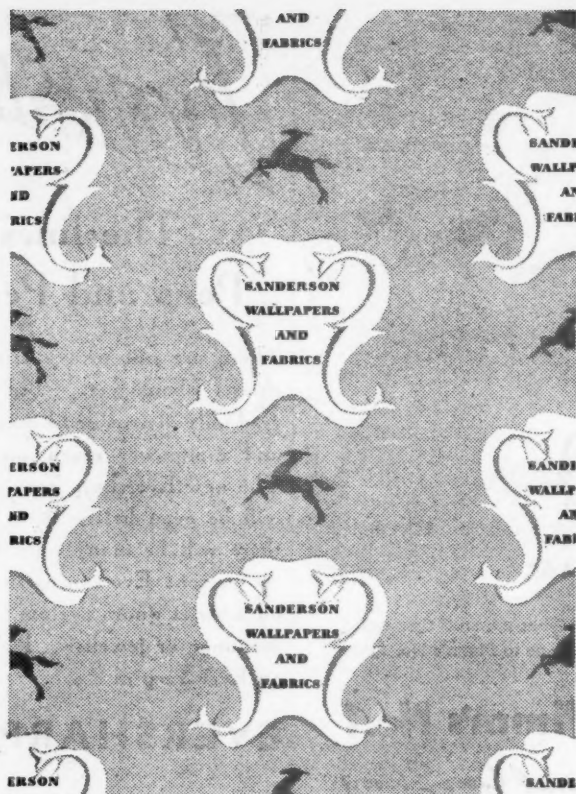
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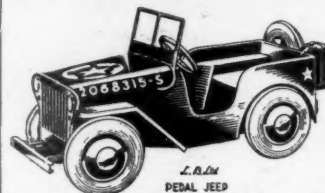
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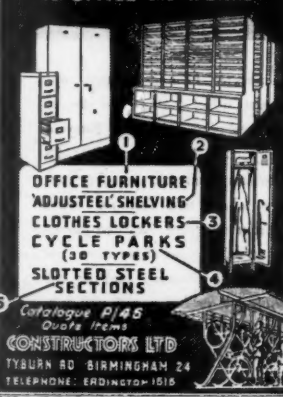


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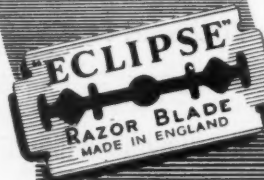
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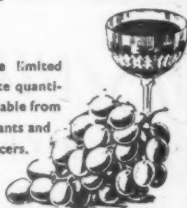
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"Some good stuff going tomorrow at the sale" . . . "Know anyone who's got a pure Leghorn cockerel? I want to cross my Rhode-island pullet" . . . "Can you lend me your heavy tractor Thursday, Bill?" . . . Much country business goes on in the English village pub. Many a friendly deal is clinched, and knowing advice exchanged, in "that place of infinite life and bustle". "When you have lost your inns", wrote Belloc, "you will have lost the last of England." The inn is still needed as it has always been since we first tilled the soil.

Illustration specially drawn by Mervyn Peake

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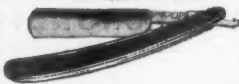
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## Locker-room sensation



"**H**ENRY," said Mr. Chipshott, "something magical has just manifested itself."

"You mean that mirage, Sir?" said the locker-room man, sympathetically.

"I mean that magnificent 'Viyella' sports shirt!" exclaimed Mr. Chipshott, excitedly. "It's identical with the one I've been dreaming of — that trim pattern, that delightful cut, that perfectly-tailored collar! How did it get in here?"

"Wishful thinking, Sir," said the locker-room man. "Lots of the members have been seeing these mirages lately. 'Viyella' Visions, I call 'em."

"Then it is only a vision?"

"Yes, Sir — until the real thing appears."

"When I can play in a 'Viyella' shirt again,"

said Mr. Chipshott, "I shall be a far, far better golfer than I have ever been."

"That's what *all* the members say," said the locker-room man.

# Viyella

REGD.

PYJAMAS • SPORTS SHIRTS • SOCKS

Keep a warm welcome for 'Viyella' when it comes back to brighten your wardrobe.



*The Pick  
of the Crop*

A black and white illustration of a woman with dark, wavy hair, wearing a dark, short-sleeved dress with a white collar. She is smiling and holding a large, woven basket filled with fresh garden peas. The basket is positioned in front of her, and she is looking towards the viewer.

# Batchelor's REGD. Peas



**"IT'S THE FLAVOUR THAT'S IN FAVOUR"**